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ndrew Koppelman, Michael Lewis: Gay Weddings and a Funeral

ACCOMPLICES TO GENOCIDE

THE CONSEQUENCES OF APPEASEMENT IN BOSNIA

..... BY .....

Zbigniew Brzezinski, Fouad Ajami, Samantha Power,

Charles Lane, Joseph Brodsky, Istvan Deak, Carole Hodge,

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d and The Editors

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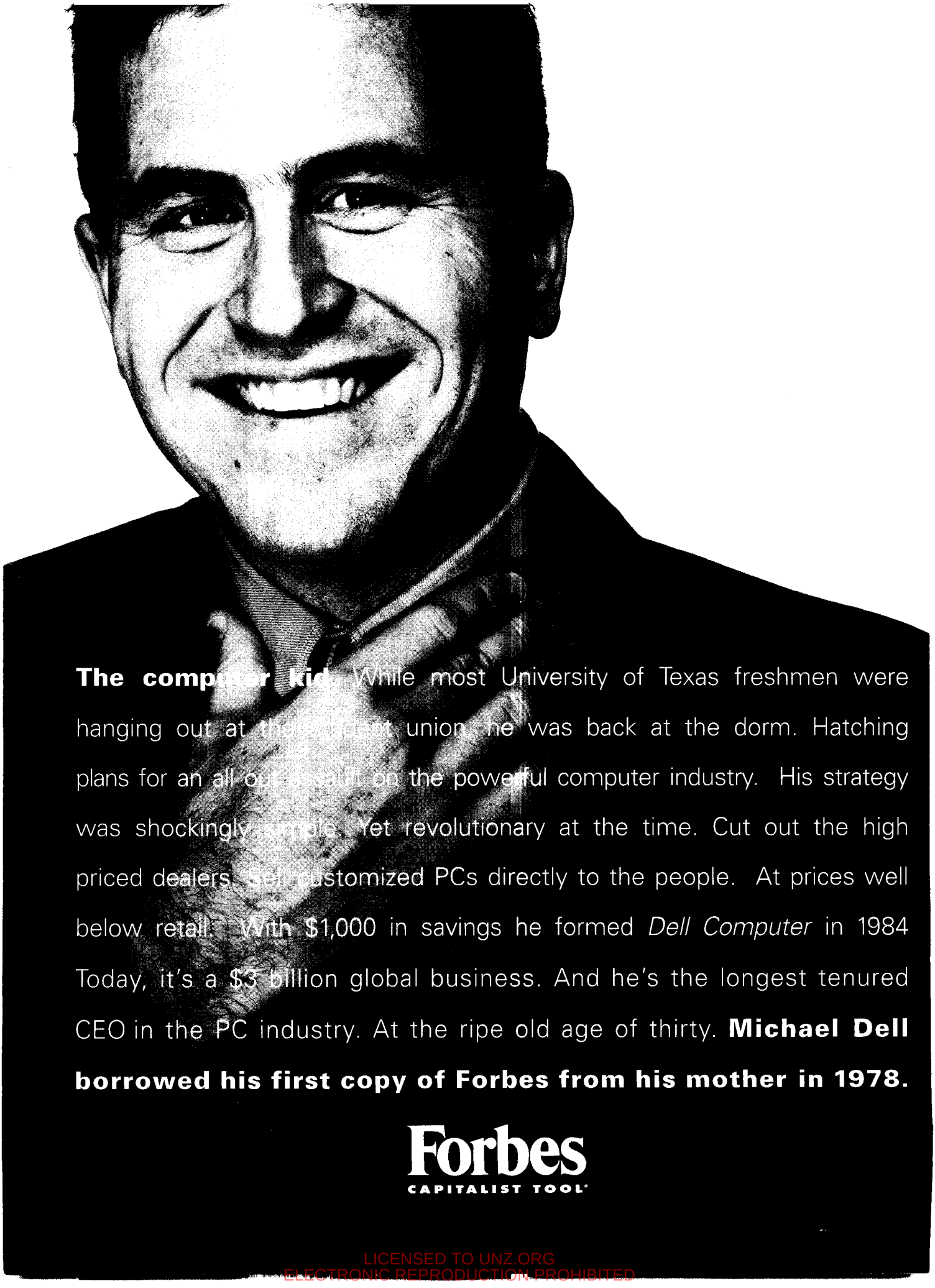

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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

AUGUST 7, 1995

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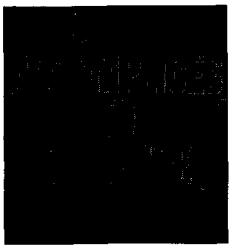

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CORRESPONDENCE

V for victory

To the editors:

While the "V-chip" has yet to be implemented in TV sets ("Supply-side Morality," by Robert Wright, June 26), makers of home satellite dish systems have been offering "parental lockout" for years. By entering a numerical code of their own choosing on the remote control keypad, parents can block the reception of any station or program. Re-entering the code unblocks the system. A senior marketing executive for an electronics manufacturer told me that this is the single most requested feature among consumers shopping for satellite receivers. However, he also told me that it is the least-used feature once the system is installed in the home; fewer than 1 percent of satellite dish owners use parental lockout.

So perhaps Bob Dole's hypocritical attack on the entertainment industry is really a grab for the Hypocrite Vote. It would appear to be sizable.

GEORGE KOPP
Woodland Hills, California

Center court

To the editors:

Your editorial "The End of Affirmative Action" (July 3) questions why "the conservative justices have never begun to explain why" the equal protection limit on the states in the Fourteenth Amendment "should be read to impose an identical constraint on Congress." The answer may be that this reading was first imposed on the U.S. Constitution by the liberal Warren Court in *Bolling* v. *Sharpe* (1954).

The Supreme Court was faced with the existence of racially segregated schools in the District of Columbia after having used the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to void such segregation at the state level. In the *Bolling* decision, Chief Justice Earl Warren declared that the Fifth Amendment due process clause also contained an equal protection component. Thus, he found, segregated schools in the District of Columbia violated the Fifth Amendment.

Forced at that time into a rather loose reading of the Fifth Amendment to deal with a practical problem of the moment, the Court has not backed away from this position. The *Adarand* case simply confirms that both liberal and conservative justices have found it useful.

ROBERT HEINEMAN
Alfred, New York

To the editors:

You're more than a bit premature in announcing the end of affirmative action in the wake of the *Adarand* decision. The Court's ruling that strict scrutiny is to be applied to all governmental racial classification, invidious or benign, does indeed set up a very high standard for affirmative action programs to meet. But it never really made any sense for the Court to hold that "invidious" racial discrimination should be required to meet a higher standard of justification than the "benign" form found in affirmative action. Invidious discrimination is unable to meet even a very low standard of justification: laws reasonably calculated to denigrate or demean persons on account of their race do not, after all, have very much that can be said in their favor. In contrast, laws reasonably calculated to counteract the persistence of racism do have much to be said for them.

As Justice Sandra Day O'Connor argues, a single standard should be used for all racial classification. Given the historical evils of racism in our society, that standard should be a tough one to meet. But the same considerations that argue for a tough standard also argue for recognizing that there is a compelling governmental interest in counteracting the racism that continues to exist.

You point out that, to date, the Court has understood strict scrutiny so that racial classifications meet its tough requirements only in the rare instance of a remedial program enforced against a specific agency found by a court to have been guilty of past discrimination. But, if the Court were to acknowledge that combating society's continuing racism is a compelling interest, it would make little sense for it to persist in such a cramped understanding. What makes the fight against racism a compelling one for government to undertake is precisely that racism is far more pervasive than the few cases that can be proved in court. If the four dissenters can convince Justice O'Connor of this point, then much of affirmative action might yet survive.

ANDREW ALTMAN
Washington, D.C.

Ringing twice

To the editors:

Contrary to Stanley Kaufmann's purely aesthetic judgment, the final twenty minutes of *The Postman* ("Crossroads," July 3) are crucial to the movie's resolution.

Good-bye, Machiavelli

Government and American Life

Bernard W. Wishy

"An exhaustive, detailed study of the major irony of American life: the public constantly seeking the state while at the same time scorning it for being too big, too corrupt, and too intrusive in their lives."

—Library Journal

"*Good-bye, Machiavelli* is a remarkable piece of historical insight. Although written with sharp attention to current controversies about 'the American tradition' and 'original intent,' it maintains a distinctly nonpartisan evenhandedness that is rare these days."

—Richard M. Abrams
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The movie self-consciously draws the parallel between the postman, a man in love with a woman named Beatrice, and Dante Alighieri. If the postman is Dante, then Pablo Neruda, the elder poet and mentor in the movie, is Virgil. As an accomplished poet, lover and communist, he leads the postman on his way to a poetic, sensual and political awakening. True to Dante's model, when Neruda's exile ends, the postman is left to pursue his poetry and political ideals on his own. This is what occurs in the last twenty minutes. The postman writes a poem that wins a contest. He is asked to read it at a communist rally. On the verge of realizing his triumph, the postman is tragically trampled to death when the crowd turns to rioting.

The statement this final portion makes about communism and political passions is as integral to the movie as the story of the postman's relationships with Beatrice and Neruda. To appraise *The Postman* as simply a "touching" movie is to underestimate its complexity. To suggest that its political resolution is superfluous is obtuse and unfair.

KATHERINE TAI
Bethesda, Maryland

FYI

To the editors:
Ruth Shalit's excellent July 3 report on the incipient GOP presidential candidacy of Malcolm ("Steve") Forbes ("Hey, Jude") contains a small, important error. When our eager band of supply-siders first urged Steve Forbes to consider this long-shot run in late March, we did not urge him to plow his own money into the campaign à la Perot. On the contrary, we told him we believed we could raise enough money to finance an adequate campaign with the federal matching funds and would not have to appear to be using his wealth to "buy" into the political realm. Forbes not only rejected the idea of using taxpayer funds but noted that George Washington believed that citizens blessed with financial treasure should use it on behalf of the public good.

If he takes the plunge, which he says he will decide by September, he has indicated he would put in $10 million and hope that enough of his fellow citizens blessed with treasure would be able to match it—as we guessed the enterprise would require that amount to be taken seriously.

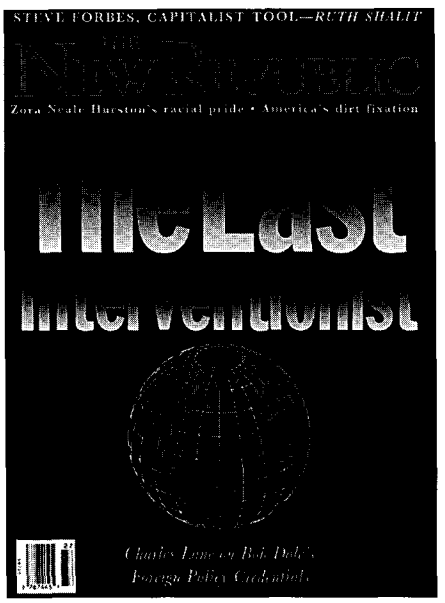
In giving the idea serious consideration, he also agreed that the objective would not be to win the GOP nomination and the presidency in 1996. It would be to faithfully represent a body of thought and a vision for America's future that is not now in the competitive field. If such a candidacy would find favor with the electorate, so much the better.

JUDE WANNISKI
Morristown, New Jersey

Pole takers

To the editors:
Newt Gingrich was probably recycling an '80s applause line when he said, "The difference between Poland and Afghanistan is the right to bear arms" ("Newt Scoot," by Richard Stengel, July 3). But he's right.

The Polish opposition survived Soviet-backed military rule by maintaining a sophisticated underground network and engaging in nonviolent protest. Now


STEVE FORBES, CAPITALIST TOOL—RUTH SHALIT
The New Republic
Zora Neale Hurston's racial pride • America's diet fixation
The Last
Interventionist

Poland is awkwardly but irreversibly building a liberal society and market economy on the Western model. Afghanistan opposed its Soviet-backed dictatorship with large numbers of Stinger anti-aircraft missiles. Now the Russians are gone, but the country is a chaos of feuding warlords, and the veterans of the revolt are busily exporting fanatical terror to Tajikistan, the World Trade Center and other places. Afghanistan is also said to be the primary source for the worldwide black market in Stingers.

BENJAMIN H. COHEN
Basel, Switzerland

Stone cold

To the editors:
In Lawrence Stone's review of *The London Hanged* by Peter Linebaugh and *The Hanging Tree* by V.A.C. Gatrell ("Die Hard," July 10), he writes, "It is sage to predict that sooner or later the public will become unwilling to pay the price"—the financial price of executing a murderer. My guess would be later rather than sooner. The retributive motivations behind the death penalty are not of the sort to be stopped by a mere dollar figure.

DAVID SWANSON
Palmyra, Virginia

Oink

To the editors:
It's irritating when a writer makes fun of something he or she clearly doesn't understand (Sic Transit, July 3). What's so humorous about Iowa State University announcing plans to establish a $9 million center for swine research?

Iowa is still our largest swine-producing state and its university has colleges of agriculture and veterinary medicine. Nine million dollars seems a modest sum, indeed, to invest in promoting the welfare of such a major state industry. Finding ways to produce leaner pork to suit present-day consumer tastes, as well as healthier swine that finish to market weight more quickly is just plain good economics.

ROBERT R. MARSHAK
New York, New York

Georg the obscure

To the editors:
In a letter printed in the June 12 issue, Ian Abrams suggests that Leon Wieseltier has taken unfair advantage in quoting Georg Christoph Lichtenberg—"Some people think that a proposition is true simply because they have understood it"—unfair because, having failed to find mention of him in various places, he concludes that Lichtenberg is just too obscure. Had he consulted *The Encyclopedia Britannica* in print, on CD or via the Internet, he would have found an informative biography that begins by noting that Lichtenberg was a "German physicist and satirical writer, best known for his ridicule of metaphysical and romantic excesses." He also developed an early form of xerographic reproduction.

ROBERT MCHENRY
Editor-in-chief,
The Encyclopedia Britannica
Chicago, Illinois

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FROM WASHINGTON

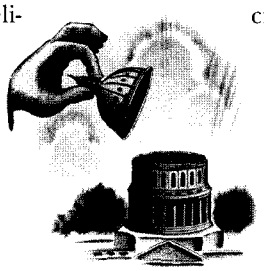
Nationalism and before

In the summer before my freshman year in college, I was assigned, as preparation for the coming heavy-think, E.H. Carr's *Nationalism and After.* The emphasis was on the "after" since Carr was one of those subtle "historical necessity" apologists for Stalin who thought that the nation-state expressed nothing authentic and that it would soon pass into oblivion. That's what most intellectuals believed then, at least as regards Europe. But, in the decolonizing countries, instead of the displacement of nations by ever larger units, the heady trend was the process of what was called "nation-building." Graduate students wrote dissertations about this irresistible phenomenon. Foundations summoned the wise to give counsel. Nehru, Nkrumah, Seku Toure, these were the historic nation-builders. You have only to utter the word "Nigeria" or "India"—let alone "Somalia"—to grasp immediately what a failure that enterprise has been, almost everywhere.

I wrote once in these pages that "the great revenge of imperialism was nationalism." It was the modern stage on which antique hatreds were played out, clothed in contemporary costume. But in the industrialized world, where nationalism was long ago supposed to have been supplanted by socialism or some such universalism, it is very much alive, in many places altogether decently, and in others murderously. This is befuddling to the post-national theorists and policymakers. They have seen their most ingeniously crafted designs for betterment and uplift—the European Union, say—frustrated continually by national sentiment.

But, if the nation is a difficult concept for these rationalists to appreciate, the resilience of religion is, quite simply, incomprehensible. But it is religious passion that still exerts the most volatile authority over the minds of men and women. If you cannot understand that, you cannot understand the grim news from Bosnia.

The Serbian war against the Bosnians is a religious war not only because most Bosnians are Muslims but because the Serbs are Orthodox Christians. The best scholarship I have been able to find about Serbian Orthodoxy and Serbian nationalism is the writing of Sabrina Petra Ramet. (A professor of politics at the University of Washington, she is the author of *Balkan Babel: Politics, Culture and Religion in Yugoslavia, Cross and Commissar* and an essay on Yugoslavia in a book edited by Pedro Ramet, *Religion and Nationalism in Soviet and Eastern European Politics.*) Ramet discloses some small but telling details. For example, the mug of ex-communist Slobodan Milosevic, who seized power in Serbia eight years ago and turned himself into a nationalist, is carried aloft in Orthodox services as a religious icon, along with the saints.



The post-communist states are particularly prone to religious revanchism, because it was there that God and His servants were most persecuted. It is true that in many countries, Yugoslavia included, certain "patriotic clergy" were indulged by the regime in return for service. But the church was still the most stable refuge for ideological resistance and memory. Serbian nationalism is rich in symbols of the past, humiliating symbols like battles, in Kosovo and Constantinople, lost centuries ago. These were battles lost to infidels as those fought today, however brutally, are victories of the faithful avenging the past.

The Russians have supported Serb aggression and want Bosnia diminished because they, too, are Orthodox Christians, which is also the fuel that fires Moscow's war against the Chechens and others. It is true, of course, that Stalin, who was not motivated by religion at all, inflicted the most excruciating suffering on the Chechens. But in so far as Yeltsin's war against them is a gesture to his ultra-nationalist right, it is also a gesture to the church for which Russification has always meant Christianization. The harmony of church and state was the very definition of pre-communist rule, and Yeltsin has tried to evoke that harmony. And it should not be overlooked that the nostalgists share not only memory but fears. These fears rivet on the Muslim outlands of Russia, geographically close to the Turks and the Persians, old enemies of the Czars and their dreams.

The other Slavic churches (and the states they sway) are, to a greater or lesser extent, all now allied in the Orthodox revanche. The border with Bulgaria, one of these states, is the porous front tier through which international sanctions against Serbia are violated. Even the Greeks are involved, cheering on fellow faithful of the Eastern rite against "the Turks," a phrase applied indiscriminately to virtually all neighboring Muslims.

Balkan cartography is patchwork. But one clear psychological line running through it is the line between the Orthodox churches and Islam, that is to say, the line between their believers. It is now a line drenched in Muslim blood. There is, of course, another dividing line in this region, and it is the one that runs between Orthodoxy and Rome. This line runs deep, and not only in the former Yugoslavia. A Serbian victory in Bosnia does not leave the Catholics of Croatia safe. The shadow of clerical fascism in Nazi-era Croatia is now stalked by the reality of clerical fascism in present-day Serbia.

So what about the Muslims? Once upon a time the Libyan tyrant Muammar Qaddafi helped pay for a mosque-building program in Yugoslavia. But that was a long time ago. The oil-Arabs are, of course, poorer now. The Islamic states have been eerily quiescent about the agony of Bosnia's Muslims. To be sure, Saudi Arabia has sent some money and maybe, just maybe, some arms. Saudi men of the particularly pious persuasion have also gone as volunteers. The Organization of Islamic Conference, composed of fifty-two Muslim member states, has campaigned against the arms embargo but has not attempted to break it. That's it. Bosnia, after all, is not Kuwait, either to Riyadh or, for that matter, to Washington.

Turkey, because of ethnic affinities, history and the presence of a small Bosnian lobby, is the one Muslim country that has been significantly touched by sympathy for the Bosnian Muslims. When it tried to move against the genocide, its initiative was squashed by the NATO alliance. Still, it has a much better record than other Muslim countries. Take Iran: it sent mullahs to the Bosnians, but it was caught red-handed selling oil to the Serbs. The Muslims of Bosnia are, in fact, very Europeanized. They drink beer and even abide women in the clergy. They are tolerant, so tolerant that Muslims elsewhere think them heretics. But this has not kept the Serbs from waging a holy war against them. They are the ultimate victims of a jihad: too complicated to be defended, too alien to be tolerated.

MARTIN PERETZ

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 7, 1995

ACCOMPLICES TO GENOCIDE

Evil is a mirror, and the evil in Bosnia is a mirror, too. Among the images in the Balkan glass is an image of America, and it is not pretty. The United States seems to be taking a sabbatical from historical seriousness, blinding itself to a genocide and its consequences, fleeing the moral and practical imperatives of its own power. The impression of American indifference and American incompetence is everywhere.

The truth is more textured. A distinction must be drawn between the American government and the American people. The ugliness of the American government cannot be gainsaid. The president and his advisers are not even pretending to be shaken by the expulsions and the exterminations in eastern Bosnia. They are "scrambling," as the papers nicely put it, to keep the United Nations from withdrawing and the Congress from permitting the Bosnians to fight their own fight, because they do not wish to "Americanize" the war. An election is imminent, and the president with the least body bags wins.

The president warns about "overly Americanizing dealings in Bosnia." The secretary of state declares that "lifting the arms embargo, for all the attraction it has, if you do it unilaterally, it means we take a unilateral responsibility here in the United States, and it Americanizes the war, so it's a very bad idea." But the choice, gentlemen, is plain. You Americanize the war or you Americanize the genocide. Since the United States is the only power in the world that can stop the ethnic cleansing, the United States is responsible if the ethnic cleansing continues.

Well, not exactly the United States. The American president is an accomplice to genocide. Not so the American people. The president of the United States does not have the right to make the people of the United States seem as indecent as he is. He has the power, but he does not have the right. The evidence is everywhere that more and more Americans would like to know why we are standing by and doing nothing.

In this country isolationism runs deep, but idealism runs deep, too. The American people are traditionally wary of what their first president denounced as "foreign entanglements," but they are just as traditionally ready for the good fight; and they are not timid. They see what is happening in Bosnia. And just as clearly they see the bankruptcy of the Clinton-NATO-United Nations policy. They are not heartless and they are not fooled.

Would a majority of Americans support an endless and massive invasion of Bosnia by the United States? Of course they would not. But such an invasion is a fantasy designed to frighten us away from the military actions that could have halted, and can still halt, the horror. Would a majority of Americans support a sustained air campaign against the Serb war machine, an immediate withdrawal of the humiliated and humiliating UNPROFOR forces, an arming of the oppressed so that they may defend themselves against the oppressor, and a remorseless diplomatic campaign to raise the costs of this hell for Pale and Belgrade? Of course they would.

There is no assurance that Americans will not die in such an attempt to end the evil. But surely they will not die in vain. They did not die in vain in Somalia either, where hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were saved from starvation by American troops, though the president stole the significance from their deaths when he cut and ran. In a new study of American public opinion on Bosnia, conducted by the Program on International Policy Attitudes at the University of Maryland, a man in Kalamazoo explains his support (and the support of 63 percent of those polled) for assertive American action even at the cost of casualties: "If we're simply stating that our mission is to prevent these moral atrocities from developing and continuing, for me, once that decision is made, that gives meaning to death.... It's important, it's something bigger."

The man was speaking American. Again, the monsters in the Balkans can be stopped by much less than an invasion of American ground troops. (When American troops are introduced into Bosnia to "extract" U.N. forces, though, Bill Clinton will become the first president in American history to commit American soldiers to a war after it has been lost.) But they will be stopped only by force. It is the last hope of Bosnia, and of Americans stricken by conscience, that Bill Clinton and Al Gore and Warren Christopher and William Perry and Anthony Lake can still be shamed into action. For if they cannot be shamed, then they will have shamed us all. •

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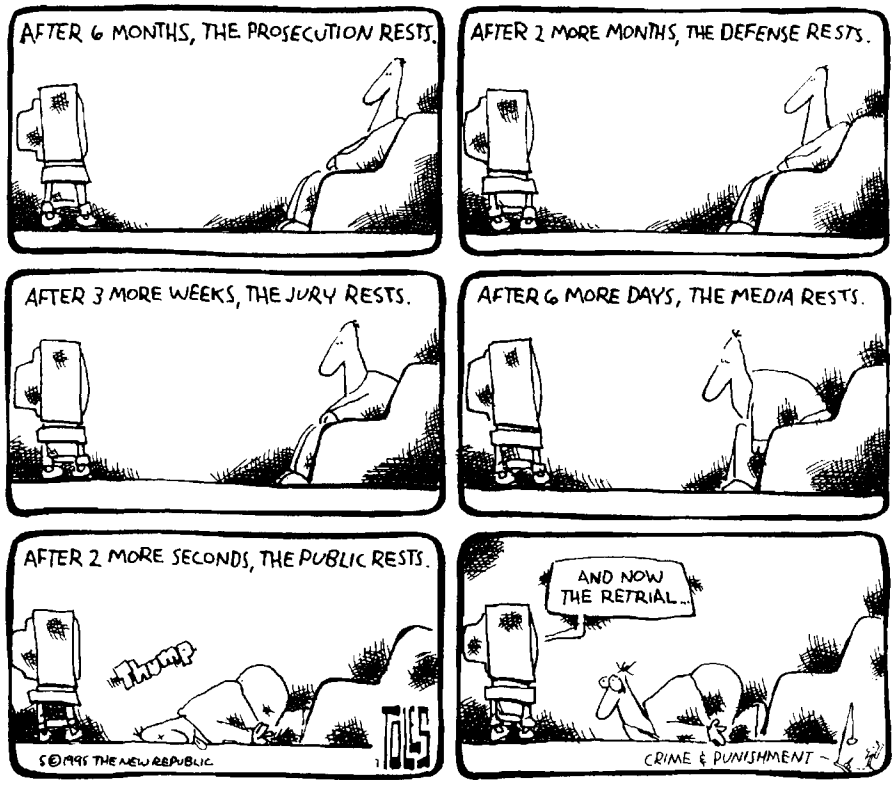
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: A report from the General Accounting Office determined that the radar system for the $2.2 billion B-2 stealth bomber fails to differentiate between a mountain and a stormcloud.... It was announced that billionaire Warren Buffett will play ukelele and sing on an upcoming album with distant relative Jimmy Buffett.... Missouri state legislators approved a five-pound, 1,012-page bill aimed at reducing state paperwork.... Officials in Blue Springs, Missouri, charged local sales executive Richard King with making obscene and threatening phone calls from China to a local family.... Los Angeles police called in their own video crew to record the latest arrest of Rodney King.


AFTER 6 MONTHS, THE PROSECUTION RESTS.
AFTER 2 MORE MONTHS, THE DEFENSE RESTS.
AFTER 3 MORE WEEKS, THE JURY RESTS.
AFTER 6 MORE DAYS, THE MEDIA RESTS.
AFTER 2 MORE SECONDS, THE PUBLIC RESTS.
thump
©1995 THE NEW REPUBLIC
TOLES
AND NOW THE RETRIAL...
CRIME & PUNISHMENT

FORMULA FIGHTING: The Republican drive to reform welfare has come to a screeching halt in the Senate. Why? The Republicans want to replace the federal programs that give cash to the poor with block grants to the states, who are then (in theory) to devise their own anti-poverty plans. But a nasty fight has broken out over the formula by which the grants will be apportioned. The original Republican idea was to give each state the same share of federal money it gets now. But, at the last minute, Sunbelt senators realized that they would get rooked under this formula, because the federal government now spends much more money in the Northern and Midwestern states that traditionally pay high welfare benefits. For example, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, the basic federal welfare program, sends high-benefit New York $815 for every poor person within its borders; Texas gets only $162. The original Republican plan would keep sending the $815 to New York while relieving New York of its current obligation to match this commitment with its own funds. Also, a fixed block grant wouldn't grow with the populations of the Southern and Western states. No wonder Sunbelt Republicans have signed a letter protesting the formula, while Texas Senator Phil Gramm got into a shouting match with New York Senator Al D'Amato on the subject. All this serves the Republicans right. They were the ones who promoted the block grant idea. They didn't have to. The most important welfare reform—replacing cash payments with community service work—could easily be accomplished without block grants and their attendant "formula fights." If those fights now actually prevent reform, the onus will properly be placed on the GOP. To avoid this fate, Republicans are now talking about throwing the $27 billion the federal government spends on Food Stamps into the block grant pot, presumably because the Sunbelt receives a proportionately larger share of Food Stamp dollars. But how would it help Texas if this money, which Washington is already sending into the state as Food Stamps, were instead sent to the state capital as a block grant? The answer is it wouldn't help poor Texans, but it might help Texas *politicians*. They would have about $2.4 billion more dollars to play around with. Even if they chose to keep giving the money to the poor, they (and not distant Washington bureaucrats) could now take full credit for the largess, in the classic manner of the political entrepreneur who interposes himself between the government and the needy. Conservatives used to have a phrase for such people: *poverty pimps*. Are they now to be the instruments of conservative reform?

AND THE OTHERS COULD GIVE A DAMN:

Rate Cut: For Many, It Is Either Upside or Downside

—*The Los Angeles Times*, July 7.

(Thanks to Jo Pitesky of Van Nuys, California.)

AUX ARMES, REPUBLICAINS!: Newt Gingrich's call on Bastille Day that the nation ought to "quit playing games" on illegal drugs and vote in a referendum either to legalize them or adopt measures to "kill" all drug traf-

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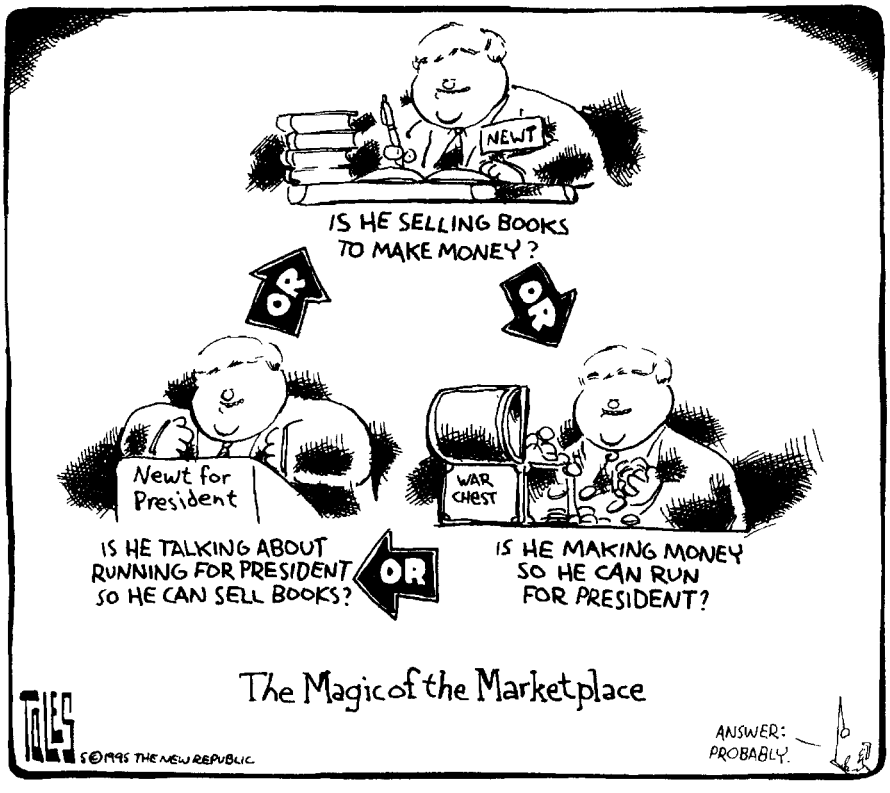
fickers was doubly remarkable. The choice he offered—a free-for-all or a police-state—is as elegant a comment on his political intelligence as any. Any sane and defensible anti-drug policy will avoid the extremes of either. Even more remarkable was the suggestion that major questions of public policy should be settled by a popular referendum rather than by congressional deliberation. Democracy by referendum is the enemy of representative democracy. Though it exists in a few American states such as California, to the detriment of their public policy, law-making by mass referendum or mandate is alien to the Anglo-American political tradition. (*The Oxford English Dictionary* cites the first reference to "mandate" as an "essentially Jacobin phrase.") Ross Perot made noises about unmediated teledemocracy—but then, Perot was running for president as an outsider and a fruitcake. Why on earth would the speaker of the House propose making laws by a method for which no provision is made in the federal Constitution—a method, moreover, that circumvents the very body the speaker and his party control? Why did the Republicans want to control Congress in the first place, if not to pass laws reflecting their considered views on, say, drug policy? It's of a piece, of course, with the neo-Jacobin Contract with America, but still a worrying tendency of our times. Of course, even Gingrich will impose some limits. We eagerly await his call for a national referendum on the budget, perhaps, or foreign policy. Or the election of the speaker of the House.


NEWT
IS HE SELLING BOOKS TO MAKE MONEY?
OR
OR
Newt for President
WAR CHEST
IS HE TALKING ABOUT RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT SO HE CAN SELL BOOKS?
OR
IS HE MAKING MONEY SO HE CAN RUN FOR PRESIDENT?
The Magic of the Marketplace
TOLES ©1995 THE NEW REPUBLIC
ANSWER: PROBABLY.

NO DECISION ZONE:

Americans Retain Regard for U.N., Poll Shows

—*The Los Angeles Times*, June 25.

U.N. Finds That Its Reputation Has Slumped for Many in U.S.

—*The New York Times*, June 25.

(Thanks to J. Leehr of Santa Monica, California.)

MONUMENTAL ERROR: *The Washington Post*'s July 18 advertising supplement celebrating the Americans with Disabilities Act features a screed called "THE RIGHT MEMORIAL TO THE REAL FDR." Written by Hugh Gregory Gallagher, a polio paraplegic who is the author of *FDR's Splendid Deception*, the piece is one of a chorus of voices attacking the federal commission responsible for building an FDR memorial on the Tidal Basin for refusing to depict the four-term president in a wheelchair. It is illustrated with one of the two extant pictures of FDR in a wheelchair, taken in private by Margaret Suckley at Hyde Park. "The opprobrium and shame which caused FDR to cloak his disability no longer exist," opines Gallagher. "FDR should be portrayed as the disabled man he was. He would not object." Of course he would. FDR laboriously constructed not only his political career but also his ebullient personality on the splendid deception of concealing his disability. Had he not done so, he might not have been elected president in 1932. Wrenching his identity out of context is not only historically anachronistic but psychologically inaccurate. It is to impose on the greatest of this century's presidents an ideology he could never have known, let alone embraced.

OH, *NOW* WE GET IT: "An Inside Politics item yesterday misstated Republican strategist Bill Kristol's position on abortion. Mr. Kristol is pro-life and is seeking ways to stop abortion from dividing the GOP by letting states decide the issue."—*The Washington Times*, June 30.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER:

Donner Party Kin Hold Picnic Reunion

—*The San Francisco Chronicle*, June 27.

(Thanks to Sheldon Turner of San Francisco, California.)

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ON THE HILL

GET OUT THE VOTE

By Weston Kosova

Late last November, a few weeks after the Republicans won Congress, incoming Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole vowed to make lifting the Bosnian arms embargo a top priority. Dole had long sneered at President Clinton for denying the Bosnian Muslims weapons to defend themselves against the Serbs. Three times during Clinton's presidency Dole had brought to the Senate floor proposals to lift the embargo unilaterally. Each time he failed to round up the sixty-seven votes necessary to override a veto. Once he became Senate leader, he wasn't going to let that happen again. "The debate is certainly coming with the new Congress in January," Dole told reporters, "and the vote will take place."

It's taken a bit longer than that. The Republicans' domestic agenda shoved foreign policy practically off the calendar for the first six months of the new term. Each week for more than a month, Dole has tentatively scheduled a debate and vote on the embargo, only to have the issue sidelined by other business. The delays haven't gone unnoticed, especially among Dole's allies. "I'm becoming increasingly irritated," says Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, a fierce Democratic opponent of the arms embargo and the Dole proposal's co-sponsor. "The longer we wait, the worse conditions [in Bosnia] become." When Srebrenica fell to the Serbs last week, the embargo suddenly took on renewed urgency. Now Dole says he'll bring anti-embargo legislation to the floor for a vote immediately after the Senate wraps up the massive regulatory reform bill. Clinton, meanwhile, has made his position clear: he's rigidly opposed to any bill that calls for a unilateral end of the embargo.

The bad news for the president is that this time Dole and Lieberman may have the votes to override him. Lifting the embargo is popular in the Senate, and not just among Republicans. Politicians like to brag that their bills transcend party politics. Usually, the claim is bogus. But, with the arms embargo, it's actually true. The proposal has the support of moderate Democrats, like Lieberman and Harry Reid of Nevada, and liberals, including Barbara Boxer of California and Joseph Biden of Delaware. Clinton has always depended on a loyal core of moderate and liberal congressional Democrats to support him against Republicans and conservative Democrats. Now, he is left without a foothold on the issue. "As far as I can tell, there is almost no loyalty to the leaders or the president," says a staffer to a Foreign Affairs Committee Democrat. "The senators are voting their consciences."

Apparently, the Senate's collective conscience is against the arms embargo. "There's no doubt that the vote on the resolution will be successful," says Lieberman. "It's pretty clear to me that right now we have over sixty votes in favor."

If the Serbs continue to overrun U.N. "safe areas," Clinton may soon lose what embargo support he has left. Members like Nevada's Richard Bryan and Colorado's Ben Nighthorse Campbell, who have voted both with and against the administration on Bosnia in the past, may line up against the White House. "As more and more people have begun to conclude that prospects for a settled peace in Bosnia are more remote," says one Biden aide, "people have concluded that lifting the arms embargo is one of the few options left." Indeed, support for lifting the embargo has picked up quite a bit compared with what it was at the same time just a year ago. The first time the Senate voted on the Dole-Lieberman proposal was last May. The bill squeaked by, 50 to 49. But the same day, the Senate passed another bill, a Clinton-backed proposal, sponsored by Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn, calling for a multilateral lifting of the embargo. Two months later, the proposal again narrowly failed on a fifty-fifty vote. But, when the Serbs intensified their attacks last summer, support for lifting the embargo jumped. In August, the Dole-Lieberman amendment, which was tacked onto the 1995 defense appropriations bill, passed on a 58-42 vote. Twenty-one Democrats voted in favor.

There's even less support for Clinton and the embargo in the House. Minority Leader Dick Gephardt of Missouri may be on his side, but Gephardt's top lieutenant, David Bonior of Michigan, is opposed. So are such outspoken Democrats as Barney Frank of Massachusetts and Steny Hoyer of Maryland. Last June, when the Senate was still tiptoeing around the issue, the House voted 244 to 178 in favor of unilaterally lifting the embargo. Despite intense lobbying by the White House, 117 Democrats came out against Clinton.

Clinton hasn't forgotten the numbers. Last week, the White House began scrounging for support. Clinton knows he's not likely to win. He just wants to prevent the House and Senate from passing the resolutions by veto-proof margins. Lieberman, on the other hand, says he won't begin to tap members for support until the debate is underway. "Would I go to the point of recommending an override on a foreign policy matter? That's a major step," Lieberman says, and one that he's not sure he's willing to make.

Whether or not they get enough votes to challenge Clinton, the president inevitably comes away looking increasingly isolated. Vetoing a suspension of the embargo is cruel enough. If he's overriden, though, he risks seeming not just mean, but pointlessly so. •

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NATIONAL INSECURITY

KENNEY BE TRUSTED?

By Charles Lane

In August, 1992, amid the first, savage summer of ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, George Kenney, a 35-year-old foreign service officer on the Yugoslavia desk at the State Department, resigned in protest at the Bush administration's passivity. This principled gesture endeared him to editorialists and former foreign service officers. Soon, his jeremiads warning of mass murder—even genocide—against the people of Bosnia and calling for a massive commitment of American ground troops to save Bosnia's territorial integrity were filling op-ed pages and inundating the airwaves. In a 1993 *San Diego Union-Tribune* outburst, Kenney went so far as to accuse peace-mongering Secretary of State Warren Christopher of promulgating the "big lie"—a phrase laden with overtones of Nazi Germany—in suggesting that the U.S. should support a peace that "the parties can agree on," as if the Serbs and the Bosnians had equal say in the outcome of the war.

Three years after his resignation, Kenney is still living with his parents and eking out a living opining about Bosnia. There's one big difference: now he favors the very policy he sacrificed his career to protest. Kenney is emerging as the write-off-Bosnia crowd's pundit of choice. *The New York Times Magazine* recently devoted two pages to his claim that the Muslim death toll has been exaggerated by the press. In the wake of Srebrenica's fall, anti-interventionist Thomas Friedman of the *Times* turned to Kenney as an unimpeachable source. "Let's be honest," Kenney told Friedman. "The Muslims lost this war two years ago.... We were intervening in a messy civil war and the only solution now is a messy map and a power-sharing arrangement that begins to untangle it. It is the least bad peace available."

How seriously should we take this born-again realist? By his own admission Kenney is a dyspeptic sort, inclined to quarrel with whoever may be standing next to him. Yesterday, it was his bosses at State; today, it's a growing chorus of interventionists he once encouraged. On his first trip to Sarajevo, in the fall of 1993, he was struck by government corruption, and it dawned on Kenney the purist that the Bosnian Muslims were no saints. Kenney's turnabout can also be seen as an object lesson in how to maintain viability as a pundit in Washington's great opinion-generating machine. Kenney the indignant young moralist was a unique commodity until August 1993, when three of his colleagues also resigned to protest U.S. Balkan policy, and Kenney became yesterday's news. His new stance gave him a fresh op-ed franchise, even if most people can no longer quite remember exactly why he ever had one in the first place.

It would certainly be less galling to listen to Kenney's new policy advice if he were to leaven it with a bit more humility. But everyone has the right to change his mind, and Kenney's conversion, brazen as it may be, seems based mostly upon an appraisal of what he perceives as the hard territorial facts in Bosnia. His about face, then, should be evaluated on its merits. After all, Kenney is still taken seriously enough to command a platform in the *Times*. In addition, his views are characteristic of a brand of realism as untenable as the extreme and impractical moralism with which he first made a name for himself. Kenney's intellectual journey is interesting, too, because it parallels those of many of his higher-ups, starting with Bill Clinton.

After Srebrenica, the distribution of power in Bosnia is indeed harsh. The Serbs control three-quarters of Bosnia and are openly declaring that they will never give it up—a promise they can likely honor. The Western nations certainly have no serious intention of stopping them. As Kenney has rightly noted, Western military action is of little use if it's just to show a resolve to stop genocide; too much genocide has already gone unchecked. Besides, the ethnically cleansed territories have been deliberately repopulated by Serbs who would presumably have to be driven out to restore Muslims to their homes. Friedman paraphrases Kenney: "The only realistic option now for the United States and its allies is to focus on moving the

Once More by the Potomac

Here is a Jolly Good Fellow,
he's painted the White House yellow.

Here are the Mighty Generals,
bemedaled for fighting memories.

Here are the Hallowed Offices,
groggy with foggy prophecies.

Here are the Strategic Centers,
filled with their caviar emptors.

Here is our Congress, scrupulous
in making their marbles the cupola's.

And here are We, The People;
each one a moral cripple

or athlete, well-trained in frowning
on someone else's drowning.

JOSEPH BRODSKY

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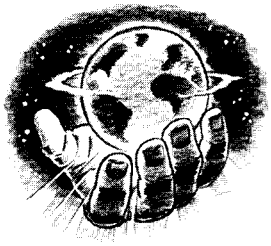
parties to a negotiated settlement, based on the power realities on the ground. It is time, he says, for a bad peace, because that is the only one available."

True, many interventionists have never been sufficiently tough-minded about such difficulties. But Kenney speaks as if no one has tried his solution. In fact, the Clinton administration has been trying to persuade the Muslims to accept an unfavorable territorial partition. What makes Kenney think a negotiated settlement is "available" at all? The Clinton administration has been trying to broker a partition for two years. It hasn't worked because, though the Bosnians accepted the last two painstakingly negotiated peace plans, the Serbs haven't. Serb leader Radovan Karadzic has now announced that he wants a Serbian state built on the conquered territory, with its capital in a Sarajevo that is either Serb-controlled or divided like Berlin. Until a few weeks ago, the U.S. was still haggling with Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic, asking him to recognize Bosnia in exchange for a limited lifting of U.N. sanctions against Serbia. He, too, said no. To be sure, the Serbs' pre-emptive strike on the enclaves came in response to recent Bosnian offensives. But those offensives were not launched because the Muslims had been emboldened by moralistic Western diplomacy. They were launched because they had been made desperate by the failure of "realistic" Western diplomacy.



If the old Kenney was all principle and no pragmatism, the new Kenney is the opposite. As the Bosnians understand, but Kenney does not, the "power realities on the ground" are, while daunting, not immutable. Few in the Sarajevo government expect to re-establish Bosnia as a single multiethnic state within pre-war boundaries. But they do recognize that there cannot even be a stable partition unless the Serbs are made to feel some military pressure—preferably through a re-armed Bosnian army that enjoys unequivocal political backing from the West. Nor can there be a stable negotiated peace without a measure of justice for the victims of ethnic cleansing. Simply demanding that the Bosnians give up and accept their fate, as Kenney wants, is itself not realism but fantasy. It will never work, because it offers the Sarajevo government no assurance that the Serbs will stay appeased. It is a formula for Serbian mischief, revanchism by embittered Muslims and permanent instability in the region.

"It's time for just a little bit of honesty here," writes Friedman, after sitting down with Kenney. "For four years now we in the West have been lying to ourselves, lying to the world and lying to the Muslims about what was possible." By this account, one of the more prominent liars, until recently, would have been George Kenney. But Kenney is not a liar. He always says what he thinks, at any given moment. In one respect, he has been remarkably consistent. His advice was wrongheaded then, and it is wrongheaded now. •

SARAJEVO POSTCARD

GREATER SERBS

By Samantha Power

Nesho Malic is a Serb. He is also a nerd. At 18, he speaks better English than I do, better French, perhaps, than the U.N. sector Sarajevo commander from Nantes. When he translates, he annoys me by claiming goat herders on "Snipers' Alley" have used words like "perspicacious" and "forlorn." His earnest brown eyes flash from behind thick lenses. "Well, geez, you asked me to be precise," he says, "Now I'll have to reassess my approach." Nesho, a young man who worships multiethnic Bosnia even more than books, who has chosen, like 30,000 other Serbs, to stay behind in besieged Sarajevo, is one of 4 million reasons Serb brutality in Srebrenica matters.

He got his brains from his mother. An M.D. and Ph.D., she finished at the top of her class and rocketed to the top of the Yugoslav medical establishment. She is now unemployed, and her position at the faculty stands vacant. Nesho, who is nearsighted in one eye and farsighted in the other, just completed high school ("naturally at the top of my class," he says) and received a draft notice for the improved-but-hardly-inviting Bosnian army. Without his glasses he would mistake a Serb T-55 tank for a stalled Sarajevan tram, so he was initially told he could put his languages or his knowledge of physics to use in army intelligence or communications. But, because of his name, he believes, he was assigned to infantry duty and must report for front-line service next month.

Nesho was desperate to volunteer for the multiethnic army when his nominal brethren began shelling his family and his town in April 1992. Too young to enlist, however, he decided to stay in Sarajevo and bide his time writing novels and military assessments by candlelight. "I had fifty chances to leave, but I used to believe in this place," he sighs. His mother's slight hand trembles as she pours Turkish coffee in their downtown flat. "Why should my son fight for a country in which we have no rights?" she asks. But she knows the answer. Because, bad as it might seem on this side of the confrontation line, it is as good as it gets. Their nationality may not be explicitly mentioned in the Bosnian federation's new constitution, and they may not feel embraced by neighborhoods they now must scour for a familiar face, but the Serbs remaining here have at least earned the distinction of being the best-treated minority in the former Yugoslavia.

Nesho says, "I am so tired of being told I should be grateful I'm not a Muslim in Banja Luka. That's like telling blacks who are prejudiced against in America,

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'Yeah, but you should be grateful you aren't living under apartheid in South Africa.' I'm selfish. I have to think about my life." Yet he wouldn't dream of defecting to join the Serbs who are destroying his Bosnia.

Not that they would need his help. Before Srebrenica fell, one senior Bosnian official bragged of army gains in the Serb-held suburb of Grbavica. When asked what had been captured, however, he answered shyly, "Uh ... two houses." This is the pace of Bosnian successes, and Sarajevo is dying in the meantime. The streets are empty, not because of the government ban on outside gatherings or the hourly air-raid sirens, but because of a thirty-nine-month soul-sapping exodus. "The only people who live here now are the poor, the refugees and the intellectuals with ideals," says Nesho's mother. Well over half the city's population comes from outside, mostly from the countryside, and that has changed the cosmopolitan character of Sarajevo in large and small ways. Unthinkable in urbane Sarajevo before the war, hefty, baggy-trousered farm-women are now ubiquitous, hanging laundry outside their windows or yelling across the street to friends. To the few *gradjani* (citizens) who have stayed, the newcomers are known as *seljaci* (peasants). It is the rural *seljaci*, not the cosmopolitan *gradjani*, who tend to mistrust people like Nesho and his family.

Bosnia's other major towns have also had to absorb refugees by the tens of thousands. After the biggest, most efficient and, by all accounts, most vicious Serb ethnic cleansing operation in more than two years (and that is saying something), some 25,000 more Muslim refugees have arrived in Tuzla, which shelters 200,000 displaced already and is now the country's most populous town.

They are not first-time refugees. In April 1993, Serb "irregular" Tigers and White Eagles—whom even their pathologically perfidious sponsor in Belgrade faults for war crimes—mowed through predominantly Muslim eastern Bosnia, slaughtering non-Serbs in their path and forcing tens of thousands of terrorized Muslims into Srebrenica, a quaint river-side town that boasted three mosques, two Orthodox churches and one Catholic church. Renowned for its silver mines and its plum trees, Srebrenica suddenly became notorious as a "nightmarish, ethnic ghetto." When U.N. cattle trucks attempted to relieve the pressure on the town by relocating some of those sleeping in fields, thirteen civilians were crushed in a stampede to earn a place, Serb women stoned the refugees and the evacuation was abruptly halted. The U.N. commander general at the time, Philippe Morillon, devised a stop-gap demilitarization accord that required the enclave's Muslim defenders to hand their weapons and fates over to the world. In 1993, when he installed blue helmets in the first ever Bosnian "safe area," Morillon proclaimed that "an attack on Srebenica now would be an attack on the whole world."

But, two years later, the world watched and some 400 Dutch peacekeepers scurried for cover as Bosnian Serb Commander Ratko Mladic personally oversaw Srebrenica's "sanitization" on July 11. As many as 10,000 fighting-age men, as well as dozens of young girls, vanished. Of those Bosnian fighters who had attempted to break free, Bosnian Serb radio said "most were liquidated" and the rest captured. The women, children and elderly eastern Bosnians left behind are now on the run for the second or third time. They wanted to be left alone but they are being taught how to hate. They hate the West. They hate the Serbs. It is hard now to blame them.

Western policy may become a three-pronged self-fulfilling prophecy. The U.S. and Europe said they didn't want the war to spill over; but Croatia sees the world's half-hearted commitment to borders and has massed its troops to pounce. The U.S. and Europe said they didn't want to lift the arms embargo because it would force the U.N. Protection Force (UNPROFOR) to withdraw and would spawn a "humanitarian catastrophe"; but, after watching as Srebrenica's scant defenses faltered, UNPROFOR's days are numbered and the humanitarian catastrophe is here. And the U.S. and Europe said they didn't want a Muslim state in the heart of Europe; but if the money and guns come from Allah, the advice can't be far behind.

Haris Silajdzic has a waking obsession. Tucked in a drawer in his office at the windowless presidency is a manila folder marked "Embargo." The folder is bulging with notes from White House meetings and Xeroxed copies of old congressional resolutions that say "non-binding" in small letters. His crusade hasn't achieved much. But, while diplomats roll their eyes and say the dapper prime minister must stop "droning on" about Serb fascism and the Bosnian right to self-defense, Silajdzic is indefatigable. "I know I talk about these things ad nauseam," he admits, visibly exhausted, "but I have to believe that someday, somewhere I might be heard."

At midnight on the Tuesday Srebrenica fell, Silajdzic eagerly recounted the details of a phone conversation he'd just had with Bob Dole and Joseph Lieberman in which the senators assured him they had enough votes "from both sides of the aisle" to rid him of his obsession. Silajdzic is too smart not to know that he, and Bosnia, will again be disappointed, but he has few friends left and, to quote the U.S. president, few good options.

UNPROFOR would hardly seem to be one of them. Mission Impossible has melted into Mission Invisible, prepared to defend only its inability to defend the five remaining "safe areas." "We were never put there to protect the safe areas; we were put there to 'deter attacks' against them," officers say, always adding, "Don't blame us. We requested 36,000 troops to enforce the 'safe areas' and we only received 7,000."

The soldiers are humiliated, and their commander, General Rupert Smith, who was prepared to escalate against the Serbs, has been rebuffed. Together, as they await some shred of guidance from the capitals beyond standing orders "not to destabilize," they are living off rations: spam for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Their headquarters is shelled so regularly now that, when the Grand Prix was broadcast on television recently, most of

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the peacekeepers in the TV room dove for cover, mistaking the scream of race cars rounding their first bend for the whistle of incoming homemade rockets. The seventh veil that shrouded the mission has been lifted and, with the "safe area" of Zepa on the verge of falling, peacekeepers do not pretend. "We can only watch and see how the battle develops," says U.N. spokesman Lieutenant Colonel Gary Coward.

Anticipating a Serb attack and the usual dose of U.N. protection, Bosnian soldiers raided Ukrainian compounds in Zepa and Gorazde, where they stole everything from armored personnel carriers and flak jackets to medical kits. Officials at headquarters were not even notified for two days. "The reason we didn't know about it earlier is the Bosnian army also stole the Ukrainians' radios," shrugged one official. With no leverage on the Serbs, U.N. spokesmen condemned the Bosnians. "The Bosnian government is stooping to the same level as the Bosnian Serbs," one official said. "They are going to lose the world's sympathy if they keep this up."

Clumsy Nesho Malic will don a Bosnian uniform next month, but he will not stop dreaming about the Bosnia that the Serbs ("I'm a Serb with a lower-case 's,'" he explains. "The guys in the hills are Serbs with a capital 's.'") and the West destroyed.

He consoles himself with the saying, "Oh Lord, give us the serenity to accept what cannot be changed, the courage to change what should be changed, and the wisdom to understand the difference." He will never quite resign himself to the reality: that his former heroes in the government have accepted that Bosnia's complexion has changed, that Western leaders have no courage to change what should be changed, and that only he, a pen-toting teenager, has the wisdom to understand the difference.

SAMANTHA POWER has been covering the war in the former Yugoslavia since 1993.

"I did the best I could."

What follows is a selection of Bill Clinton's statements on Bosnia, in chronological order.

"If the horrors of the Holocaust taught us anything, it is the high cost of remaining silent and paralyzed in the face of genocide. We must discover who is responsible for these actions and take steps to bring them to justice for these crimes against humanity."—August 5, 1992.

"We cannot afford to ignore what appears to be a deliberate and systematic extermination of human beings based on their ethnic origin. I would begin with air power, against the Serbs, to try and restore the basic conditions of humanity."—August 6, 1992.

"While [Mr. Bush's] administration goes back and forth, more lives are being lost and the situation grows more desperate by the day."
—October 1, 1992.

"You know about it, the rapes of the women, the murders of the children, all these things you have read about. We've got to try to contain it.... I can tell you folks: we're not going to make peace over there in a way that's fair to the minorities that are being abused unless we get involved.... If the United States now takes a leadership role, there's a real chance we can stop some of the killing, stop the ethnic cleansing."—February 10, 1993.

"We're going to do everything we can to put on a full-court press to secure agreement of the Serbs.... I think we have a chance to get a good-faith signing.... We have to give that a few days before we up the ante again."
—March 26, 1993.

"Remember, in the Second War, Hitler sent tens of thousands of soldiers to that area and never was successful in subduing it, and they had people on the ground."
—April 25, 1993.

"I think we have to take stronger steps.... I would think these fights between the Serbs and the Bosnian Muslims and the Croats, they go back so many centuries, they have such powerful roots that it may be that it's more difficult for the people on the ground to make a change in their policy than for their leaders."
—May 7, 1993.

"Our interest is in seeing, in my view at least, that the United Nations does not foreordain the outcome of a civil war."—May 14, 1993.

"There may be some potential down the road for something to be done in connection with a peacekeeping operation, but I think it's something we have to be very skeptical about. We don't want our people in there basically in a shooting gallery."
—May 21, 1993.

"Let me tell you something about Bosnia. On Bosnia, I made a decision. The United Nations controls what happens in Bosnia."—June 15, 1993.

"The conflict in Bosnia is ultimately a matter for the parties to resolve."
—October 20, 1993.

"Until these folks get tired of killing each other ... bad things will continue to happen."—February 10, 1994.

"We should never forget that there are tonight people in Sarajevo, Tuzla and Mostar who are alive because of the actions taken by NATO working with the United Nations.... I did the best I could. I moved as quickly as I could. I think we have shown a good deal of resolve."—May 3, 1994.

"It has been my long-held view that the arms embargo has unfairly and unintentionally penalized the victims in this conflict and that the Security Council should act to remedy this injustice. At the same time, I believe lifting the embargo unilaterally would have serious implications going well beyond the conflict in Bosnia itself."
—August 11, 1994.

"It's tragic. It's terrible. But their enmities go back 500 years.... Do we have the capacity to impose a settlement on people who want to continue fighting? ... We cannot do that there. So I believe we're doing the right thing."—June 5, 1995.

HANNA ROSIN

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History rewards the aggressors.

BEYOND WORDS

By Fouad Ajami

"It's beyond words," a man of Tuzla said of the refugees who have been herded out of Srebrenica. "These people have lived through an unbelievable terror. Something completely evil happened in Srebrenica." That is where we are, beyond words, where every good and urgent thing has been said and has scattered into the wind and been trampled by the killers and knights of Greater Serbia. There, amid those columns of misery on the road out of Srebrenica, lies the promise of American primacy and benevolent power, which in Bill Clinton's hands had turned into a tarnished and uncertain inheritance.

We shall, of course, never know for certain whether the callousness toward the people of Bosnia would have been the same had these men and women and children taking to the road not been people of the Muslim faith. In the vast expanses of Islam, the inescapable conclusion has been drawn: the Bosnians have been marked for destruction because of their adherence to Islam. For those who love their civilizational and racial lines straight and unambiguous, the people of Bosnia must be a bit odd. There is a jarring quality to those columns of misery: the head-scarves of the women speak of Islam, the pigmentation and the features are those of Europe. The rituals of grief and bereavement have an Islamic echo to them in a crowd neither decidedly "Eastern" nor wholly European. Ours must be reckoned a terrible time for miscegenation.

We can exonerate the Clinton administration and its Bosnia policy of any civilizational bias or prejudice or religious favor. Ideology of any kind, a moral passion, is alien to this crowd. They are equal opportunity shirkers. Judging by their entire attitude toward America's role in the world, the Clintonites would let down people of any color and creed and faith and national origin. They are a decidedly ecumenical lot.

Though we think of the president and his closest advisers as forever seared and defined by Vietnam, it is another, a far more proximate intervention, that has shaped much of what they have done in Bosnia: the expedition to Somalia. It is the lessons of Mogadishu that the Clinton White House have projected onto the Balkans. Somalia was the poisoned chalice handed the Clintonites by their predecessors, the Bush people, and by Boutros Boutros-Ghali, who was keen to use the cant of multilateralism to hunt down Mohammed Farah Aidid and settle an old account with the Somali warlord from his time in the Egyptian bureaucracy. The trauma of Somalia happened on Clinton's watch. We had rushed unaware into a place we did not fully understand, into a war of clans and bandits. With the gear we carried on that expedition we carried fantasies about reconstituting a place that had broken beyond repair. When we were rebuffed and exited with nothing to show for the effort, the expedition became a warrant for abdication elsewhere. It would be easy, henceforth, to project Somalia onto other foreign commitments. (Haiti was the exception. But that was a police operation forced on Clinton by a tide of refugees.)

For thirty long, cruel months, the thrust of the Clinton Bosnia policy would be reduced to what truly mattered: damage control. The one thing we would never grant the Bosnians was our candor. The one thing the Clinton people would not do was stand up in broad daylight and assert that, for them, Bosnia was a place of no consequence to America's vital interests. The cavalry was always on the way. We would always promise to be there, with our guns and our war tribunals, after the next massacre. We would lift the arms embargo on the Bosnians if only we could, if only the Europeans and Boutros Boutros-Ghali would permit it. We would unleash the terrifying air power that broke the will of the Iraqis in the Gulf, if only we would be asked to do it. We would roll back the Serbian gains if only that division of authority (the "dual key," in officialspeak) between NATO and the United Nations were to be resolved. Genocide is always handled by the next desk.

Power—great political, military and moral power—had passed to these men, but they don't wish to use it. It is odd, this ambition and yearning for power and the reluctance to deploy it. Something Clinton himself said in accepting the Democratic nomination in the summer of 1992 is a fitting description of his own administration. In staking the claim of his generation to power, he ridiculed George Bush's lethargic presidency by quoting Abraham Lincoln's admonition to General George B. McClellan, the commander of the Army of the Potomac, who was forever refusing to engage the Confederacy: "If you're not going to use your army, may I borrow it?" That is where the Clinton presidency now finds itself. Its Bosnia policy is but an embodiment on cruel display of its general abdication of America's leadership in the world. In Lincoln's words, the bottom is out of this tub.

It is easy to see the method in the mix of abdication and spin that constitutes Clinton's policy toward Bosnia. The words would tire, the Clinton advisers reasoned, the outrage of the critics would be spent, the safe-havens would fall and Bosnia would be consigned to memory, a victim felled by those famed Balkan ghosts that are said to haunt that peninsula: the curse of the place having its way. Now all would be well if the conquest of Bosnia were to be completed before the 1996 campaign kicked in.

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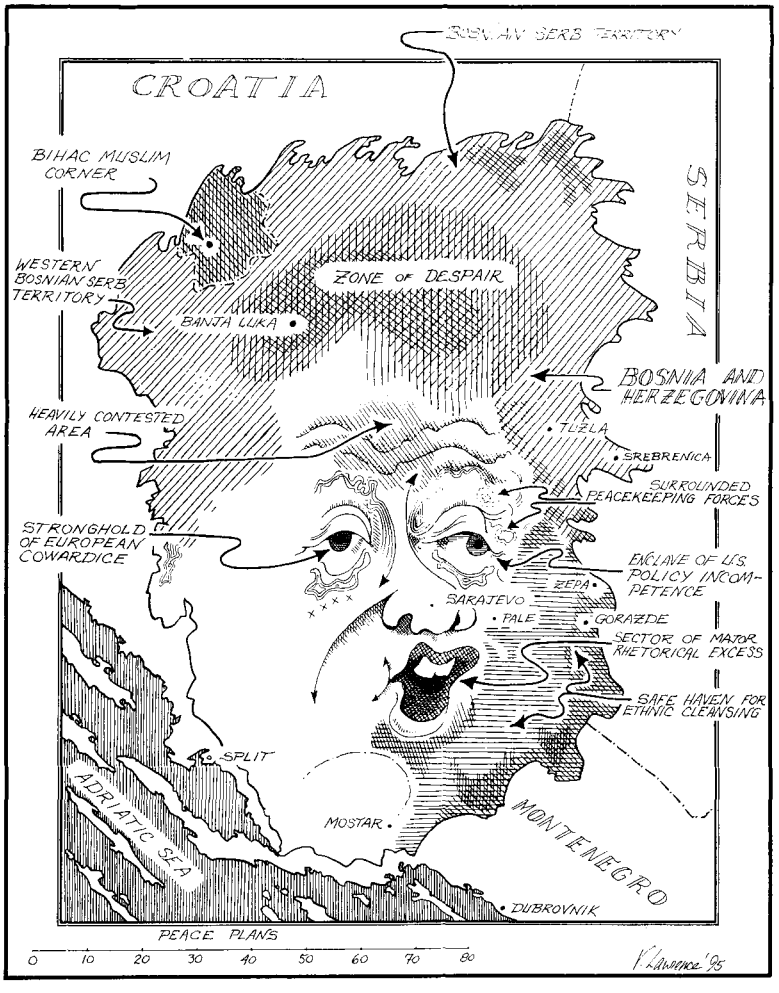
There have been endless pretexts and warrants for the American abdication. Most shamefully, we passed off our acquiescence to the Serbian project of conquest as something we owed Russia, an act of deference to the pan-Slavic spirit that was said to be blowing through that land. We fell for this great legend because it suited our needs. There is a Russianist, and a Russophile at that, in the inner circle, Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott. But no Russianist was needed to see through that shameless pretense. Pan-Slavism has never run deep in that presumably mystical Russian soul. It was the calling of a few romantics and priests and literati; the Russian state looked at the pan-Slavic sentiment with cold-blooded disdain and caution. A cursory reading of the Congress of Berlin's diplomacy, which settled the first great Balkan Crisis in 1878, ought to put an end to the legend of Russia's commitment to the Serbs. Alexander II hated Balkan revolutionaries and their ruinous radicalism; St. Petersburg played the game of the Great Powers when the scramble for the Ottoman Empire's European domains had begun. Serbia got very little of its grandiose ambitions fulfilled; the Serbs had no sponsor among the powers. They had wanted Bosnia; it was ceded to the Habsburgs. They had wanted Novi Pazar, a territory separating Serbia from Montenegro; it, too, was denied them.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

We gave currency to the pan-Slavic idea, summoned it from the world of the dead, when it should have been blatantly clear that the Russians were in this enterprise as a way of simple financial blackmail, of squeezing the best for themselves out of the industrial democracies. There was never an explanation why a ruined society on the ropes like Russia, riddled with all kinds of troubles, struggling to keep a political center alive amid plunder and chaos, was owed favors in the Balkans. That our concern for Russia had to be demonstrated by sanctioning genocide in Bosnia carried "Russia-firstism" beyond the call of duty. Were we serious about helping Russia get beyond autocracy and failure and chaos on that road toward political democracy and market reform that we say we want for her, the last thing we would do for Russia would be to indulge the darker, more atavistic part of her temperament. We ought to have given the Russians a choice: the company of outlaws and pariahs or the decent company of nations at peace.

A policy of spin and appeasement with thirty months on its hands gets to be good at playing the game of exculpation. It finds the pretexts and squeezes them as they come. Nor is this policy above seeing hidden victories and accomplishments in the ruins. The Clinton advisers have taken to claiming for the Bosnia policy an amazing defense: whatever its faults and cruel harvest in Bosnia, their policy, they say, has prevented the spread of a wider war in the Balkans. The killing rages in the northern Balkans, but peace (of sorts) reigns in the southern end of the peninsula. Greece, Turkey and Albania, we are told by the Clintonites on the Sunday talk shows, have stayed out of the fight, and all is quiet in Kosovo and in Macedonia between the Slavs and the Albanians. But the troubles in the southern Balkans haven't happened simply because they haven't happened, not because the southern Balkans have been incorporated into our zone of peace or been awed by the display of our might. The Serbs have no interest in a wider war. They have secured the submission of Kosovo and disinherited its Albanian population. Why risk a wider war when you can get what you want with a smaller, less costly enterprise? The warlords of Belgrade and Pale may be cruel, but they will take victories on the cheap when they come their way.

Future chroniclers of this Balkan crisis will puzzle over the disparity of (real) power between Pax Americana at the zenith of its influence in the aftermath of its twin victories in the cold war and in the Persian Gulf and the Serbian revanchists who stepped forth to chal-

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lenge it and got away with their brazen defiance. They will be at a loss, the historians: they will have to write the history of this Bosnia calamity either as an epic of Serbian bravery or as one long chronicle of a generation's failure to see that there were things that truly mattered in these sad hills and towns of Bosnia.

In one of the best scholarly accounts and histories of the former Yugoslavia, *Bosnia and Hercegovina: A Tradition Betrayed*, historians Robert Donia and John Fine tell us that America's performance in the Gulf war made a deep impression on the Serbs. An analysis and a strategic review by the general staff of the Serb-dominated Yugoslav People's Army, the two historians observe, concluded that Desert Storm was a "true paradigm" for interventions after the cold war but still held out the possibility that the Serbs could pursue their project of conquest without triggering the kind of response that thwarted the Iraqi bid. Grant the warlords of Greater Serbia their due: they read the world as it was. Luck came their way in the Western leaders they drew. Pity the man in his bunker in Baghdad: he must envy the Serbs' exquisite sense of timing. Hitherto there had been a strong element of martyrology and self-pity at the core of Serbian history, their narrative of their history one long tale of sorrow and denial, material for the folk poets and the singers with their *guslas* (the one-string musical instruments). In their annals, they must make room now for the great change in their fortunes, for that one long season when they rode out and left a trail of misery and high crimes behind them and were never made to pay a price.

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Give them the tools

A critical element of the argument against intervention in Bosnia is the claim that it's too late. In fact, though, the fall of Srebrenica suggests a new strategy that, with minimal cost to the West, could drastically alter the Bosnian war.

The outlines of such a strategy are clear: first, UNPROFOR and the Bosnian government should quickly evacuate the remaining enclaves in eastern Bosnia to the relative safety of government-controlled Bosnia. Since the U.N. and NATO are clearly unwilling to defend the "safe areas," evacuation would be better than allowing them to be overrun by the Serbs or leaving them as a vulnerable potential target.

Second, UNPROFOR should be largely withdrawn from Bosnia, leaving a smaller, nimbler subset of troops who could provide some humanitarian assistance and direct air attacks against Serb artillery and tanks from Bosnian-controlled territory. Since there are currently fewer than 100 U.N. troops in Serb areas, the evacuation could occur without major casualties, especially if it's part of a plan the Bosnians trust.

Third, the arms embargo on the Bosnian government needs to be lifted. At the same time, NATO should issue a meaningful threat that it will use significant air strikes to keep open a corridor to Sarajevo and in response to any future attacks against Sarajevo, Tuzla and Bihac. Fourth, the U.S. should take the lead in organizing an international effort to arm and train the Bosnians—on the Afghan model. Countries such as Germany, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and Malaysia should play a key role here. Compared with what's now spent on UNPROFOR and by NATO, the cost of a Bosnian military build-up would likely be lower by several hundred million dollars annually. The arms can be delivered to Bosnia largely via Croatia (although direct transferal of arms into Bosnia proper is not impossible).

These measures could quickly tilt the balance of the war against the Serbs and help bring them to negotiations. The Bosnian government and its Croat partners have more than twice as many troops as the Serbs—and there are many more Bosnians willing to fight. The major remaining problem is their shortage of heavy weapons. We shouldn't rule out providing American equipment. But most of what's needed can be gotten in Eastern Europe and elsewhere.

What do the Bosnians need? To deal with the Serb advantage in tanks, they need both their own tanks and more anti-tank missiles. There are many Russian-made tanks all over the world, available at dirt-cheap prices, along with anti-tank missiles such as the Sagger, which can be carried by one person. To defend against artillery, the Bosnians also need counter-battery radars to determine where attacks come from and to direct counter-fire at the source.

Unfortunately, these radars are complex and expensive, and the Bosnians are unlikely to receive enough of them. They could deal with this problem in two ways: acquire artillery of their own (not hard to find) or organize light forces to get close to Serb artillery and mortars to disable them with grenade attacks. Several types of grenade launchers with differing ranges can be very effective for this purpose and are widely available.

Since NATO is not seriously enforcing the no fly zone in Bosnia, the Bosnians will need to acquire both air defense and their own fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters. Russian systems such as SAM-6s and a variety of aircraft systems can be effective against the modest Serb air system.

Those who oppose arming the Bosnians have argued that to do so would risk spreading the war to Macedonia and Kosovo. This argument is actually the reverse of the truth. It would be far more difficult for Belgrade to start a war on the southern front if its army is bogged down in Bosnia than if Bosnia is conquered. Indeed, if the Bosnians were not resisting so vigorously, the Serbs would probably be in Macedonia already.

In one sense, then, Bosnia could indeed turn out to be another Vietnam: for the Serbs. It could trap them indefinitely in a bloody war of attrition, cripple their ability to expand elsewhere and slowly sap the legitimacy of the Milosevic regime. All it takes is giving the Bosnians the means of their own self-defense. And a little bit of Western will.

ZALMAY KHALILZAD

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Britain's architect of disaster.

HURD MENTALITY

By Carole Hodge

After reaching the dizzying heights of designing Europe's defense arrangements, with the U.K. in a leading role, British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd in June quietly bowed out of top-level politics for good. In the past, Hurd had emerged virtually unscathed from scandals—the British government's indirect support for the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, a massive aid and arms deal for the Suharto regime in Indonesia—that would have left a less canny politician bruised or beaten. Bosnia, it appears, was Hurd's Waterloo.

More than any other European politician, Hurd shaped the disastrous European policy toward former Yugoslavia, and perhaps the best postmortem on that policy is a close look at Hurd's career since 1991. That was when Hurd took a leading role in staving off recognition of Slovenia and Croatia, well after Yugoslavia had irretrievably collapsed. Hurd agreed to their independence only after Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic had acquiesced on the condition that a U.N. presence in the Serb-held areas help to safeguard the interests of the Serb population there. That U.N. presence was later secured through the Vance Plan, an arrangement in which the British Foreign Office took full part.

Hurd personally crafted the British, and ultimately the European, policy of eschewing military intervention. As early as September 1991 he announced that Europe would offer no military deterrent in the former Yugoslavia. That same month, he led the way to imposing, through the Security Council, a blanket arms embargo that handicapped the victims and helped the aggressors. The next year he masterminded the dispatch of U.N. troops, inadequately equipped and on a fudged mandate, into a war zone.

What was Hurd's strategy, and what lay behind it? Hurd and his colleagues in the Foreign Office said that a solution could not "be imposed by force," rhetoric that led, in turn, to the tortuous reasoning that force should not be used at all and that a negotiated political settlement, backed by humanitarian aid, was the only way to end the Balkan conflict. This position was partly based on the perceived strategic interest of allying Britain with the Serbs as the natural successor to Yugoslavia and as a counterweight to any possible extension of German influence in the Balkans. Through this policy, Hurd hoped to bring Russia on board and to help open economic opportunities with Russian markets. An off-the-cuff remark made by someone close to the Foreign Office is illuminating: "It would be better to have the Russians in the Adriatic than the Germans." It may also have been in the nature of the former foreign secretary, the old Etonian and the son and grandson of Tory MPs, to prefer dealing with Milosevic, "the strong man of Europe," or with the "irrepressible" Radovan Karadzic than with Bosnian "Muslims."

For all these reasons, Hurd opposed the major European powers, including France, Germany, Italy and Holland, when they supported a European Community initiative to send a peacekeeping force to Yugoslavia in the summer of 1991. In light of what followed, the significance of this stand cannot be underestimated. At a time when the casualty toll was still in the hundreds (as opposed to the hundreds of thousands) and the battlefield confined to Croatia, the British foreign secretary "led the consensus" at the European Community Foreign Ministers' meeting on September 19, 1991. It resulted in the terse communiqué: "No military intervention contemplated."

Within days, Serbian forces, fortified by word that Europe would stay neutral, unleashed a massive onslaught by land, sea and air. They blockaded Croatia's main ports, sent dozens of tanks to the Croatian border and began a large-scale attack on Vukovar and Dubrovnik.

The same week, the U.N. Security Council passed Resolution 713, which banned arms imports to Yugoslavia. The ban left Croatia, whose territorial army had been dismantled earlier in the year, unable to defend itself against the onslaught of the Serb-led Yugoslav national army and Serbian paramilitaries. Most Bosnia watchers know that Britain's government has been the most consistently opposed to lifting the arms embargo. What they are less likely to know is that Britain, again in September 1991, went to the Serb-dominated Yugoslav government and quietly suggested it request a blanket arms embargo on all Yugoslav republics—a move that ratified the imbalance of arms between the Serbs and all other ethnic groups. Hurd then resisted lifting the embargo; he was reluctant, as he put it, to create "a level killing field," a phrase whose ironies seemed lost on him.

The foreign secretary has often stated, in parliament and elsewhere, that the other major powers back Britain's policy in former Yugoslavia. But this is not quite the case. True, in the summer of 1991, as Hurd stood out in opposition to his European colleagues, the U.S. took a back seat and let the Europeans get on with it. But at other times the British Foreign Office actively slowed momentum to intervene against the Serbs. In the summer of 1992, for example, with the exposure of Serb-run concentration-type camps and the expulsion of hundreds of thousands from Bosnia, the U.S. and many European states called for a tougher stand against the Serbs. Just in the nick of time, Hurd came up with another concept: "protective support."

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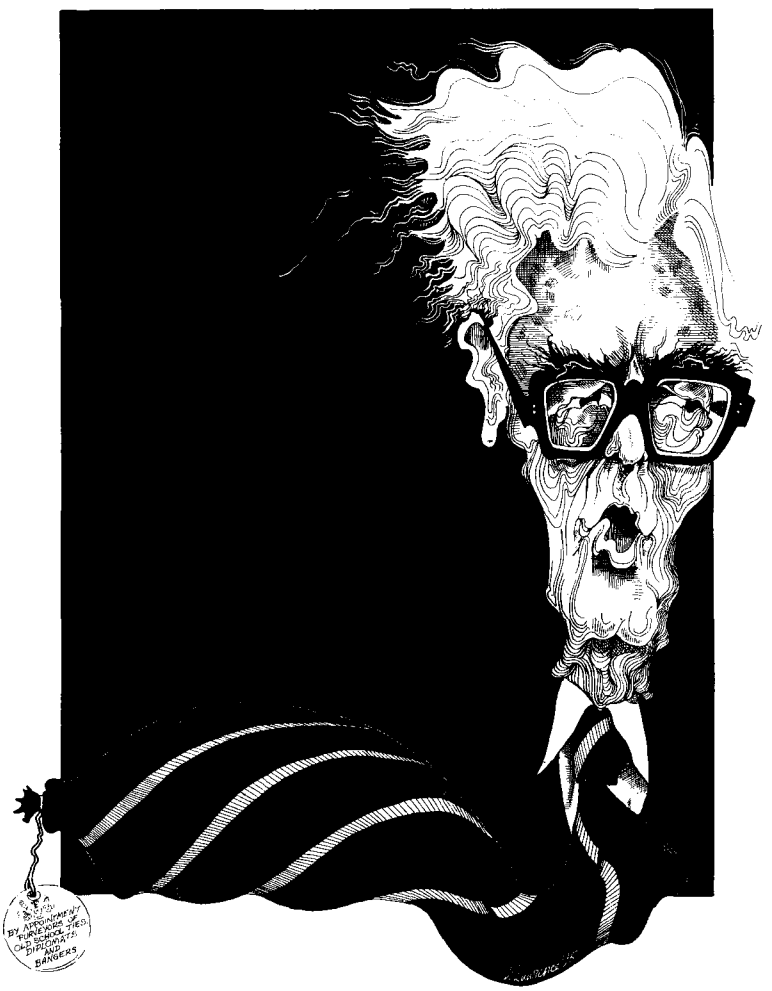
That meant providing armed escort, including 1,800 lightly armed U.N. troops from Britain, for U.N. aid convoys in Bosnia. In the short term, this policy had advantages. It staved off world pressure for firmer action, and it endorsed British policies established the previous year. With U.N. peacekeepers on the ground, it was unthinkable to bomb from the sky or to lift the arms embargo and escalate hostilities between the "warring factions."

The British decision to dispatch U.N. troops as aid escorts to a war zone might have been viewed as a mere misreading of the ground situation were it not for a decision of British U.N. Commander Lt. General Michael Rose. In April 1994 Rose dispatched to Gorazde 168 British soldiers whom the Bosnian Serbs had stripped of their ammunition and personal cameras. To send a battalion of British troops, minus much of their equipment, into an enclave totally surrounded by Serbian General Ratko Mladic's forces could only be interpreted as an unequivocal signal to the Serbs of British support. For, without the acquiescence of the Serbs, these troops would be unable to exit safely from the "safe" area. (French President François Mitterrand, on the other hand, opted at the last minute to pull back the French troops about to be dispatched to Gorazde and let the British soldiers continue without them.)



DOUGLAS HURD BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Throughout the Balkan conflict, the support of the French has been vital to Hurd, who feared that Britain would be isolated in Europe by its Bosnia policy. One of the foreign secretary's frequent gambits in the House of Commons was to insist that the French and British were at one on Bosnia. But this has never been entirely true—and has been still less so since the election of Jacques Chirac as president. Indeed, the current tension between the two countries over Bosnia can be linked with Hurd's policy.

The first hint of rupture in Anglo-French Bosnian policy came during the recent hostage debacle, when the British and French announced the joint decision to send in a Rapid Reaction Force to Bosnia. It soon emerged that, while Britain's intention was merely that the force protect the U.N. soldiers on the ground, Chirac had hoped it would also establish a protected route for aid to Sarajevo and the enclaves. This would have involved combat action, of course, a prospect the British government resisted from the outset. While the French partly retracted from their more ambitious plans and appeared reconciled to the British proposals on the role of the Rapid Reaction Force, the two countries' views on the way forward in Bosnia seemed, at the time of Hurd's resignation, to be seriously at odds. Chirac's explicit charge that Britain was engaging in Chamberlain-like appeasement cut too deep to be deftly parried, though Hurd's chosen successor, Malcolm Rifkind, tried to do so at the July 17 European Union meeting.

In the British press, Hurd's resignation has been accompanied by none of the usual accolades for a departing figure of his stature. That may be an indication of the long-term judgment to come on his Bosnia policy. In the short term, roughly 300 British troops remain in Gorazde, and they will be in deep trouble should either the Serbs or the Bosnians oppose their withdrawal from the enclave. For Hurd, who instigated the U.N. Protection Force mandate and permitted British troops to be placed in indefensible positions, it would be an enormous embarrassment, not to say scandal, if the troops in Gorazde have to withdraw under fire, leaving their costly equipment to the Serbs, or shoot their way through a desperate Bosnian population.

Meanwhile, Hurd's mantle has been passed to former Defense Secretary Rifkind, who was personally recommended by Hurd and who is pursuing the same tainted policy. In resigning, Douglas Hurd may have jumped ship, but he still has a long way to swim to shore.

CAROLE HODGE is a research associate at Glasgow University.

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The speech Clinton never gave.

AFTER SREBRENICA

By Zbigniew Brzezinski

The following is the speech that might have been delivered immediately upon the fall of Srebrenica if the post of Leader of the Free World were not currently vacant.

My fellow Americans, my fellow citizens of the democratic world: I address you tonight about the crisis in Bosnia, because both our sense of moral outrage and the long-term interests of the democratic world call for immediate and decisive American action.

The fall of Srebrenica is a defining moment. The prolonged and brazen defiance of the international community by an armed mob of Bosnian Serbs can no longer be tolerated. The suffering of hundreds of thousands of innocent civilians, and the murder of tens of thousands of them, can no longer be passively observed by the civilized and democratic world. You have seen the pictures of the atrocities in Bosnia. If our shared commitment to human rights means anything to us, as Americans and as decent men and women, the United States has to react.

There is no other choice. Over the last three years the United Nations has been unable to protect the victims or to deter the aggressors. Repeated violations of U.N. resolutions have gone unpunished. The United Nations Protection Force, or UNPROFOR, originally deployed to protect the helpless, the unarmed and the vulnerable, has itself been subjected to humiliation, intimidation and fatalities.

When the conflict in the former Yugoslavia first broke out, our European allies insisted that it was Europe's responsibility to resolve it. Acting under a United Nations mandate, the UNPROFOR was deployed in order to provide humanitarian assistance and to make secure the several U.N.-designated safe-havens. A U.N. negotiator and a negotiator appointed by the European Community sought to find a peaceful solution. They actively discouraged any military pressure on the Serbs, particularly by the United States, on the grounds that it would be counterproductive.

The result has been a moral and a political calamity of historic proportions. For some three years now, ethnic cleansing, massive brutality and persistent contempt for the international community have characterized the conduct of the Bosnian Serbs.

We can no longer maintain the pretense that the conflict in Bosnia is merely an extension of ancient ethnic feuds, justifying the world's moral indifference and political passivity. The historic facts are to the contrary. Over several centuries, ethnic and religious coexistence, not ethnic and religious conflict, has been the predominant reality in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Even the current violence did not begin with the support of the majority of Bosnians, whether of Muslim, Croat or Serb origin. It is the product of an organized, brutal and fanatical minority.

The international community has the obligation to distinguish between victims and aggressors. Not to do so is to reduce the U.N. Charter to a farce. But the issue is not only a matter of morality, or of principle, or of simple justice. The character of the international order is also at stake. A world unable to make the distinction between victims and aggressors, and especially a world unwilling to act on that distinction, is a world in which the United Nations becomes the object of derision—on the part not only of the aggressors but of all free peoples. World peace will be the ultimate casualty in Bosnia.

After some three years of sustained brutality, no one can deny that the U.N. has proven incapable of coping decisively with the forces of aggression in Bosnia. Even worse, the impotence of the U.N. has so constrained any attempt at an effective response by NATO that both the unity and the credibility of our alliance are now at stake. On a number of occasions, retaliatory NATO air strikes at Bosnian Serb targets, requested by the UNPROFOR commanders, were emasculated by U.N. officials to the point that they became mere pinpricks of no deterrent value. They emboldened, rather than constrained, the aggressors.

NATO's inability to act assertively is now generating increasing tensions within the alliance itself. The alliance triumphed in the course of the cold war. Yet indecision and disunity in regard to Bosnia are undermining the most successful coalition in history. It would be ironic if Europe's longer-range security and stability were to join the growing list of victims of the unchallenged aggression in Bosnia.

The United States, therefore, must act—and act now. The failures of the U.N. and NATO reward aggression and encourage its repetition. Continued inaction by the United States would gravely jeopardize America's global credibility. It would be tantamount to a piecemeal abdication of America's world role. We have no choice but to step into the breach.

Accordingly, I am today announcing the following three major policy decisions:

(1) The United States is notifying the U.N. Secretary as well as our allies and other states participating in the UNPROFOR that it favors the UNPROFOR's immediate withdrawal.

Unable to protect safe-havens, the U.N. force is becoming a shield for the Bosnian Serbs, inhibiting more decisive responses. This is all the more tragic because many UNPROFOR soldiers have already perished at the hands of the Bosnian Serbs in the fulfillment of their thankless task. We pay tribute to their heroism,

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but the reality must also be faced that UNPROFOR's vulnerability is being exploited by the aggressors.

The United States is prepared to deploy its ground forces immediately to render secure the UNPROFOR's withdrawal. In doing so, the United States reserves for itself the right to protect the process of extraction also with its air power, with American air strikes conducted on a scale and directed at targets determined exclusively at American operational discretion.

Let me warn the belligerents that any hostile interference with U.S. military forces engaged in this effort will precipitate immediate and significant retaliation.

(2) I am asking the Congress of the United States to pass a resolution, which I will immediately sign into law, endorsing the lifting of the embargo on the delivery of arms to Bosnia.

Bosnia, as a member of the United Nations, is entitled to the right of self-defense. The arms embargo against Bosnia deprives the victim of the necessary means for self-defense. It benefits the aggressor, who enjoys access to the large stocks of heavy weaponry of the former Yugoslav army.

I am asking for bipartisan congressional support, since the lifting of the embargo will have major international consequences. Both the U.N. and our principal allies participating in the UNPROFOR have stated that the lifting of the embargo would precipitate the UNPROFOR's withdrawal. It is essential, therefore, that this critical step be taken with the fullest congressional support. The world must know, our friends must know and the aggressors must know that we Americans are united in taking this critical step.

There is every reason to believe that the lifting of the embargo will significantly help the Bosnians in their effort to defend themselves. Their army, which is eager and willing to fight, is larger than the army of the Bosnian Serbs. With the arrival of more modern and plentiful arms, the Serbian advantage on the battlefield will be erased. A number of states have indicated their willingness to finance and to deliver to the Bosnians the needed arms. The arming of the Bosnians need not be a unilateral American undertaking.

(3) I am asking the Congress to endorse, on a bipartisan basis, my decision to warn the Bosnian Serbs that U.S. air power will be used in a sustained, strategic fashion to retaliate against any Serbian offensive designed to take advantage of the UNPROFOR's withdrawal to assault the safe-havens and to preempt the delivery of arms to the Bosnians. Congressional support on this critical issue will signal to the world America's determination not to tolerate aggression, not to look away from ethnic cleansings.

Let me make it absolutely clear that the goal of American air power is not to win the war for the Bosnians. Nor is the use of American air power the first step toward an American engagement in the ground war. That war must be fought, and will be fought, by the Bosnians. They have proven their determination. The commitment to employ American air power is necessary at this stage of the conflict in order to prevent large-scale massacres and a Serbian effort to achieve promptly an outright victory. We will deter the Serbs from exploiting their current superiority in heavy artillery and tanks, or we will deprive them of that superiority.

There will be no more pinprick attacks. If need be, U.S. air power will strike, effectively and repeatedly, against Bosnian Serb concentrations of heavy weaponry, command and control centers and hostile radar systems, wherever they are located, and also against Serb logistics, ground transportation and access to Serbia proper. American air strikes against the Serb machinery of war will inflict—again, let there be no doubt—massive costs and much pain. It will not spare the war criminals in Pale. It will be punitive, it will be retaliatory, it will be sustained, and it will help to equalize the balance on the battlefield.

As a result of these actions, the Bosnian Serbs may realize that compromise is preferable to continued carnage. They are more likely to reach that conclusion when it becomes evident that they cannot subdue the Bosnians and that continued warfare against the Bosnians, as well as the Croats perhaps, could even become suicidal.

I wish to address a few words directly to the people of Serbia: Americans admire the courage that the Serbian people displayed in World War II. We have no interest in waging war on Serbia. We know that many people in Serbia view the leadership in Pale and its supporters as adventurers and criminals. We urge you not to let yourselves be hijacked by them. They are not only discrediting Serbia in the eyes of the world, they are also threatening your own future. A wider war in Bosnia can bring to Serbia only more misery and suffering. We urge you to press your government to opt for peace so that Serbia, too, can become a partner in building a larger and more cooperative Europe.

And I also want to say a few words to the people of Bosnia: Americans are not indifferent to your suffering. We understand that you are the victims of an ugly war that is repugnant to us all. And we honor you for the spirit that you have shown in your dire circumstances. Please do not give up hope. We will not stand by idly and watch Bosnia, and decency, destroyed.

My fellow Americans, the steps I am announcing tonight are a token of our seriousness of purpose. I am conscious of their risk, but I am even more aware of the moral and political consequences of continued indecision and passivity. And I know that I speak for all of you in this great and free country when I say that the United States will not be passive in the face of genocide. Fifty years after America took a stand against evil in Europe, the words "never again" must not be allowed to become a mockery. That is why America will now do what it must.

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Gay rites gain momentum in Hawaii.

NO FANTASY ISLAND

By Andrew Koppelman

If ever a political cause seemed to be stillborn, it was that of same-sex marriage. Consistently invoked by conservatives as the bogeyman at the bottom of the slippery slope of gay rights, it has also been disavowed by mainstream politicians friendly to homosexuals, including (predictably) Bill Clinton. So when the Hawaii Supreme Court surprisingly held two years ago that its state constitution might require recognition of same-sex marriages, it seemed most unlikely that this decision could have any lasting political impact, in Hawaii or beyond. Public opinion there ran two to one against gay marriage. The governor said he thought the court had been wrong. Some called for amending the state constitution to overrule the court. The worries were nationwide: if same-sex marriage were recognized in Hawaii, it would become an issue everywhere in the United States.

Present law in most states gives same-sex couples at least a colorable claim to have their Hawaii marriages (if they are legalized) recognized in other jurisdictions. As a general rule, most states honor each other's marriage laws. That's why a heterosexual couple can get married during their vacation in Reno and have their marriage recognized back home in Atlanta. But there's an exception when the out-of-state marriage violates a "strong public policy" of the home state. The claim that the public-policy exception applies to same-sex marriage will be stronger in states that criminalize sodomy than it will be in states that prohibit anti-gay discrimination, but the issue will have to be litigated anew in each state. And marriage is also significant for some federal purposes, such as Social Security, military pensions and immigration. Such national implications are unlikely to warm the hearts of Sam Nunn or Jesse Helms. Indeed, efforts have already begun in some states to amend preemptively their marriage statutes to deny recognition to out-of-state same-sex marriages. Utah has already enacted such a law. Some have already predicted a similar amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

But there's an odd complication to this scenario: so far, Hawaii hasn't panicked or risen up in hostility. In fact, the response there has turned out to be remarkably mild. And there is some reason to think that Hawaii's experience may not be unique. Gay marriage, in fact, may have more political momentum than at first appears.

In May 1993 the Hawaii Supreme Court held in *Baehr* v. *Lewin* that denying marriage licenses to same-sex couples is unconstitutional unless the state can show a compelling reason to do so. The court's argument rested on the equal protection clause of the state constitution, which prohibits discrimination on the basis of sex. The court held that the marriage statute imposed a sex-based classification, because it "restricts the marital relation to a male and a female." It held that the statute would, therefore, be unconstitutional unless the state could show that this classification was necessary to some compelling state interest, and it remanded the case for a trial on that question. (Because the decision was based on the state constitution and raised no federal issues, it couldn't be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.)

The court got the law right. The formal argument why discrimination against homosexuals is sex discrimination is unfamiliar but clear. If Wilma is permitted to marry Barney, but Fred may not marry Barney, then Fred is being discriminated against on the basis of his sex. This argument, however, had always lost in court before *Baehr*. The Hawaii plaintiffs didn't even bother to make it, and the court had to come up with it by itself.

The counterargument had been made by courts in other states: if lesbians and gay men are equally discriminated against, then there is no sex discrimination. This continued to persuade the one dissenting judge in *Baehr*. The big legal innovation in *Baehr* was that the court noticed that this counterargument was the same one that the U.S. Supreme Court had rejected in *Loving* v. *Virginia*, the 1967 case in which it struck down laws against interracial marriage. Virginia had defended its miscegenation law by arguing that, while it was true that blacks were forbidden to marry whites, whites were equally forbidden to marry blacks. The Supreme Court saw the crassness of that argument. If prohibited conduct is defined by reference to a characteristic, then the prohibition is not neutral with respect to that characteristic. If the use of parallel discriminations was a bad argument then, it's bad now. (I've said this for years in academic articles, before and after *Baehr*.)

Still, the Hawaii court's decision was unpopular. A poll a month after the decision found that Hawaiians

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opposed same-sex marriage by a two-to-one margin, and those numbers haven't moved much in later surveys. Legislators felt pressured to respond somehow. In late 1993 the House Judiciary Committee held five hearings on the issue. They were raucous affairs, with hundreds of people in attendance, each hearing dragging on for hours. There was heckling and shouting, the gay community was mobilized as never before, and some witnesses complained of being threatened outside the hall.

The brouhaha may have been a surprise to the House Judiciary chair, Terrance Tom. He doubtless saw the issue as a no-lose proposition for a conservative on such a radical issue. Instead, he found himself in the middle of a political war. "I was seen as the bad guy, anti-gay, and that was not my intent," he says, exasperated. Soon after the hearings, Tom introduced a bill, which easily passed the House, amending the state's marriage statute to provide expressly that marriage could only be between a man and a woman. This was superfluous: the court had already construed the statute as saying that and held that the statute was presumptively unconstitutional on that basis.

The bill also included a declaration admonishing the court that the purpose of marriage is to promote the well-being of children. Since gays can't have children by their union, the bill argued, there's no point in allowing them to marry. This argument is weak on its face—one of the three plaintiff couples in *Baehr* is a lesbian couple who have raised several foster children and have a daughter of their own—and the bill met with strong opposition as soon as it arrived in the Senate. Rosalyn Baker, then a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee and now Senate majority leader, thought the idea that marriage was only for procreation had overtones of "an earlier time when women were viewed as chattel and property" and was "a slap in the face for people who choose not to have children, people who are older and get married, people who are disabled and get married."

To avoid this problem, Baker and a number of other committee members tried to substitute a bill creating domestic partnerships for same-sex couples, with all the rights of heterosexual married couples. That, they hoped, would offer gays enough to satisfy the court but avoid the troubling symbolic connotations of marriage. But the Senate Judiciary chair, Rey Graulty, didn't want a domestic partnership bill and quietly worked to kill it. "In my view, public opinion was not prepared to accept domestic partnerships," he says. "It would have been a very divisive religious issue that people from the pulpit would have been preaching against. It would have been hard for people like me to go to church again."

Eventually, Graulty and the proponents of domestic partnership agreed to a revised bill, in which almost all references to procreation-as-integral-to-marriage were deleted. This produced a curious result: the bill that finally passed stated that the court had misunderstood the purpose of marriage but said nearly nothing about what the purpose of marriage was. The bill also created a commission to study domestic partnerships for gays, and Baker's faction was careful to stack its membership with supporters of gay rights.

It seems singularly unlikely that the legislation that was passed will prevent the Hawaii Supreme Court from recognizing same-sex marriages. A constitution limits a legislature's powers, so a legislature can't override a constitutional decision it doesn't like just by saying so. Dan Foley, the attorney for the plaintiffs in *Baehr*, thought the bill so badly conceived that he quietly told wavering legislators they should feel free to vote for it, since they would mollify their conservative constituents by doing so (helping to stall stronger legislation) while doing homosexuals no real harm.

Why was the legislative response to *Baehr* so weak? Part of the answer lies in factors peculiar to Hawaii. The state is the most racially diverse in the U.S., and traditional Hawaiian culture is very tolerant of same-sex relationships. The level of tolerance is so great that the state hasn't been willing to invoke, in its legal papers, familiar arguments that homosexuality is immoral. Deputy Attorney General Steven Michaels, who is litigating the case for the state, has refused to make what he calls "homophobic arguments" against same-sex marriage, though that's left him with little ammunition to make his case for a compelling state interest in quashing it. This has been a source of frustration to the Mormon Church, one of the most vocal religious groups opposing same-sex marriage, which has attempted (so far without success) to intervene in the case to make the arguments that the state is not making.

Hawaii is also a solidly Democratic state: the governor and the U.S. congressional delegation have almost always been Democratic since statehood, and both houses of the legislature have always been dominated by Democrats. A constitutional amendment not only must get two-thirds of the votes in both houses but must then appear on the ballot. That would surely mobilize conservative voters. Whatever the Democrats who dominate the legislature disagree on, none of them want that to happen. There is also a strong attachment to civil rights: Japanese-Americans are more than a quarter of the population, and they still have bitter memories of the internment during World War II. One of the biggest pro-gay victories in the wake of *Baehr* was the Japanese-American Citizens League's decision to endorse same-sex marriage.

It's not clear, though, just how unique to Hawaii this strong attachment to civil liberties is. The same day that Utah legislators voted to deny recognition to same-sex couples, a similar bill unexpectedly died in the South Dakota Senate. One strain of liberalism that remains strong in America is a commitment to women's equality. Gay rights advocates have not always hitched their wagon to that commitment, but the link is highlighted by the Hawaii court's decision. Hostility to homosexuals reinforces traditional sex roles, which have worked to the great disadvantage of women. Deviation from the behavior traditionally deemed appropriate to one's sex is regularly punished by the imputation of homosexuality. Indeed, the two stigmas—sex-inappropriateness and homosexuality—are almost interchangeable. It should be possible to persuade people

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who believe in the equality of women that this ideal is in tension with legal discrimination against gays.

What's more, Hawaii voters' attitudes toward gay marriage don't appear to be particularly unique. The most recent poll, in July, showed that a third of the nation's voters think two people of the same sex should be able to get married if they love each other, while two-thirds are opposed—almost exactly the same numbers that Hawaii's polls have found. And the opposition is concentrated within the older generation. Fifty-six percent of 18- to 24-year-olds are in favor.

The recent legislation in Hawaii created a commission to study the possibility of domestic partnerships for gays. Everyone expects the commission to recommend some form of statewide domestic partnership. The whole point of the commission is to give political cover to the legislature when it establishes such partnerships, which, while withholding the marriage label from same-sex couples, would give them unprecedented recognition. It's not clear, though, that even this solution can pass muster under *Baehr*. After the interracial marriage cases, it would not have been acceptable for Virginia to enact a second-class, quasi-marital status for interracial couples. If the court takes the miscegenation analogy seriously—and it looks like it does—then the law requires equality for same-sex couples, too.

Powerful economic pressures may also induce the legislature to look beyond domestic partnerships. The state is in one of the worst fiscal crises in its history, with a budget deficit of half a billion dollars. The state constitution requires a balanced budget, and huge layoffs and program cuts are being contemplated. In a bizarre twist, gay marriage is being touted as a possible solution. Professor Jennifer Gerarda Brown, in a forthcoming article in the *Southern California Law Review*, argues that, if Hawaii were to legalize same-sex marriage, and if any significant number of lesbians and gay men traveled to Hawaii in order to marry, the state could gain billions of dollars in additional tourism revenue. The state's economy would get a terrific boost, amounting to thousands of dollars per household. It's impossible to predict what the legislature will do, but Brown's study is the basis for the only proposal now on the table for solving the state's biggest problem.

Tom, the House Judiciary chair, won't say what he would do if his legislation (and, perhaps, a later domestic partnership act) proves ineffective at forestalling same-sex marriages. "I haven't thought that far," he says. Graulty, his Senate counterpart, is less equivocal. "There will never, ever, be a constitutional amendment as long as I am here."

Arguably, the amount of political fallout of a decision for same-sex marriage depends on when the final decision is handed down. "Let's suppose it was right after the election that the court came down with its decision," says Senator Andrew Levin. "You would have two years of same-sex marriages. If the world didn't collapse in that two years, maybe it wouldn't be an issue by the time the election came. If it came up in the summer of 1996, I think it would make for a very hot summer."

In fact, it will probably be quite some time before it comes up. The trial has been repeatedly delayed, and was recently postponed again, until July 1996. That's getting close to the election, but there may be yet another postponement. The latest delay was sought by the state with the rationale that the legislature may pass a domestic partnership bill in its next session and that such a bill might satisfy the requirements of *Baehr*. (This argument has puzzled some observers, including Senator Matt Matsunaga. "If the state's interests aren't compelling," he said, "legislation won't make them compelling.") The state's legislative scenario is also probably too optimistic. Graulty points out that the commission's work is now stalled pending appointment of new members and that the legislature is in any case unlikely to act on its recommendations in an election year. He predicts yet another postponement to let the commission finish its work. Even if the trial does happen next summer, and the trial court rules in favor of same-sex marriage, the political fallout is likely to be small. Few national politicians, and surely no presidential candidates, will stick their necks out by endorsing the result. The ruling will almost certainly be stayed pending the inevitable appeal, so there won't be any newspaper photos of gay couples walking arm-in-arm out of Town Hall with their wedding certificates. Appeals are slow. The case wouldn't even be argued until after the election. "The state should leave the sanctioning of marriage to the religious organizations." And the Supreme Court is unlikely to delay its decision until the 1998 election season. The judges aren't fools.

If same-sex marriage is too much for Hawaiians to take, there is another way out. Governor Ben Cayetano has offered a compromise solution to the dispute over same-sex marriage: simply remove the word "marriage" from all state documents and replace it with domestic partnerships that would be equally available to all couples, whether of the same or different sexes. "Marriage has a religious and a legal aspect," he said before the election. "The state should leave the sanctioning of marriage to the religious organizations." Cayetano's proposal recognizes that when states celebrate marriages, they are seen as sanctifying certain sexual relationships. This understanding is in tension with an idea about church-state separation that has rarely been brought to bear on marriage law: the state ought not to be in the business of deciding what to sanctify.

Cayetano's proposal has political as well as theoretical attractions. It would keep same-sex marriage off the ballot, a result that should keep the legislature's Democrats happy. It would remove the label of "marriage" from same-sex couples, an alteration that should defuse some of the issue's political power. And, since it would entail no legal discrimination against same-sex couples, it should satisfy the court. None of the legislators I spoke with was ready to embrace Cayetano's proposal. Cayetano himself, struggling with the budget deficit, has given the issue no attention since he took office. Still, politics and reason are conspiring to bring that result about. Legalizing gay marriage may have the paradoxical consequence of abolishing marriage altogether. •

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More evidence against the Rosenbergs.

THE VENONA FILES

By Ronald Radosh

"We may wake up one morning," I.F. Stone wrote in 1956, "to learn that the Rosenbergs were guilty." July 12, 1995, was that morning. With the release of the once top secret Venona project documents—the effort undertaken by the Army Signal Intelligence Service beginning in 1943 to break and read coded documents from the Soviet Union—the final proof of the involvement of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in a major Soviet espionage operation during the World War II years has finally been produced. David Kahn, author of *The Codebreakers* and scholar-in-residence at the National Security Agency, put it clearly. "The Venona intercepts," Kahn said, "show one thing beyond doubt, that the Rosenbergs spied for the Soviet Union against the United States."

The existence of the Venona documents, and how the breaking of the codes led the FBI to the Rosenbergs, is not a new story. Robert Lamphere, the FBI agent who worked with the Venona group as FBI liaison in late 1948, told as much as he could without citing the actual documents in his 1986 book, co-authored with Thomas Schachtman, *The FBI-KGB War.* But Lamphere's story was largely ignored, and, because the National Security Agency would not permit him to use the decoded documents, defenders of the Rosenbergs argued that his book was simply the word of an ex-FBI agent, an interested party, and therefore was not to be trusted.

In the book I co-authored with Joyce Milton, *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth,* published in the summer of 1983, we laid out what evidence from FBI files and other sources had made clear: that Julius Rosenberg was head of an ongoing Soviet spy network dedicated to industrial, military and atomic espionage; that two members of his group, Joel Barr and Alfred Sarant, who disappeared at virtually the same time as the arrests of the Rosenbergs and David and Ruth Greenglass, had fled to Eastern Europe and were involved in the broader espionage ring Julius had set up; and that Ethel Rosenberg, while obviously aware of her husband's activities, did not play any direct role in espionage. Rather, she was indicted, tried and executed solely as a lever to use against her husband, in the hope that he would break, cooperate with the government and name and provide evidence against the other agents in his network.

The Venona files confirm the general outline of this scenario. They also provide a great deal of substantiation and allow us to fill in the blanks with new hard evidence. But the files contain even more startling new information that causes us to re-evaluate long-held assumptions about the methods of operation employed by the KGB (then known as the NKVD) in America. In particular, the Venona files reveal a consistent use of the American Communist Party, as well as front organizations such as the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, as both participants in espionage and sources of recruitment for agents. An internal KGB document of September 21, 1944, for example, indicates that "in the FELLOWCOUNTRYMAN [code for Communist Party member] line, LIBERAL [code for Julius Rosenberg] is in touch with CHESTER," the code name for Bernard Schuster, an official of the Communist Party USA in New York. Noting that Rosenberg and Schuster meet once a month for payment of party dues, it goes on to record that, "in as much as CHESTER knows about the role of LIBERAL's group we beg consent to ask C. through LIBERAL about leads from among people who are working on ENORMOUS [code for the Manhattan Project]."

One way to test the accuracy of the Venona files is to compare their revelations with the FBI files on the Rosenberg case and the testimony from the couple's trial. The document cited above, for example, also provides information on what it obliquely terms "the development of new people." It notes that Rosenberg "recommended the wife of his wife's brother, Ruth GREENGLASS, with a safe flat in view. She is 21 years old, a TOWNSWOMAN [code for party member]; a GYMNAST, [code for member of the Young Communist League], since 1942.... LIBERAL and his wife recommend her as an intelligent and clever girl." The date coincides with Ruth Greenglass's recollection that sometime in 1943 Julius had confided to her that he was "slated for" something more important than routine Communist Party work and the recollection of those who knew

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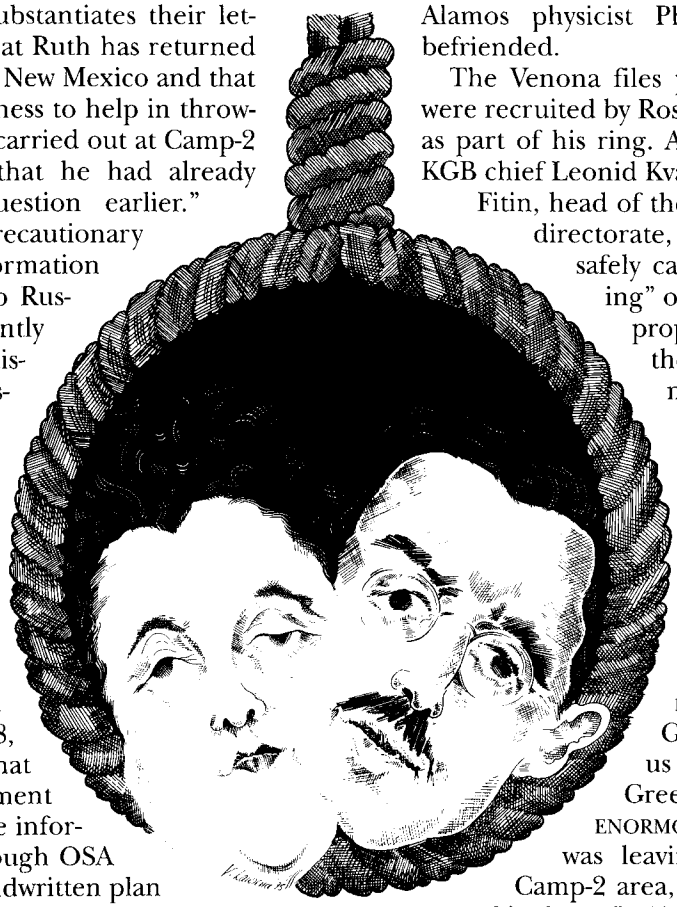
Rosenberg that he had abandoned his formal participation in the Communist branch he had been a member of. The data also coincide with information in the letters sent by David and Ruth Greenglass to each other in 1944, while David was at the Manhattan Project. In one of these letters, Ruth had revealed that in 1944 she had been asked to join the party proper, and that, in July, Julius had told her of his knowledge of what David's work at Los Alamos involved. In his November 4 letter to Ruth, David indicated that "he would be glad to be part of the community project that Julius and his friends have in mind. Count me in."

A December 16 report substantiates their letters. It indicates the news that Ruth has returned from visiting her husband in New Mexico and that he had "expressed his readiness to help in throwing light on the work being carried out at Camp-2 [Los Alamos] and stated that he had already given thought to this question earlier." Greenglass warned about "precautionary measures to prevent information about ENORMOUS falling into Russian hands," which he evidently felt was "causing serious discontent among the progressive workers." Noting that Greenglass would be in New York in January, Rosenberg had expressed his desire that the KGB should meet Greenglass and "interrogate him personally."



When Greenglass came back to New York on leave, a KGB report of January 8, 1945, noted his arrival and that "he has confirmed his agreement to help us. In addition to the information passed on to us through OSA [Ruth] he has given us a handwritten plan of the lay-out of Camp-2 and facts known to him about the work and the personnel." The task of the camp, Greenglass reported, was "to make the mechanism which is to serve as the detonator." The memo verifies Ruth Greenglass's story at the trial that her husband had given Julius the first installment of his notes on Los Alamos in New York in January of 1945. Julius, she said, had visited them at their Stanton Street apartment, and, after his departure, David had prepared handwritten notes, including sketches of the lens mold being developed at Los Alamos.

The Venona files also contain a substantial amount of information pertaining to the espionage activities of the late Alfred Sarant and his friend Joel Barr, who now resides in both Brooklyn, New York, and St. Petersburg, Russia. As Sol Stern and I first argued in the pages of TNR in 1979, Barr and Sarant, who fled to Czechoslovakia and then Moscow immediately after David Greenglass's arrest, were part of what we called a parallel spy ring. Barr was working in New York at Western Electric, where he performed classified work on the APQ-13 radar system used by B-29 bombers in low-altitude bombing. Later he worked for Sperry Gyroscope on Air Force projects involving long-range radar systems. His friend Al Sarant shared an apartment with Barr at 65 Morton Street in Greenwich Village, which was used by the group for microfilming material. Later, Sarant would move to Ithaca, New York, where he worked at the synchrotron in the Cornell University physics department and where he moved next door to the former Los Alamos physicist Philip Morrison, whom he befriended.

The Venona files prove that Barr and Sarant were recruited by Rosenberg and operated at first as part of his ring. A November 14 report from KGB chief Leonid Kvasnikov in New York to Pavel Fitin, head of the KGB's foreign intelligence directorate, reveals that Rosenberg "has safely carried through the contracting" of both Barr and Sarant. "We propose to pair them off and get them to photograph their own materials," it notes, "having given a camera for this purpose." The report noted that Barr had a darkroom and equipment, but "he does not have a Leica." The KGB would supply that, and Rosenberg would "receive the films ... for passing on." The same report also noted that Ruth Greenglass had agreed "with us in drawing in SHMEL [David Greenglass] ... with a view to ENORMOUS," and noted that Ruth was leaving November 22 "for the Camp-2 area," since David would have "a week's leave." (A subsequent report noted that Barr had handed over "217 authentic drawings" pertaining to the "high-resolution airborne radar system.") Before Ruth left, the KGB reported that Julius Rosenberg "will carry out two briefing meetings." As we know from Ruth's own undisputed account, Ruth had in fact gone to visit David at Los Alamos in mid-November of 1944, since David had gotten a five-day leave so they could celebrate their second wedding anniversary.

As for Sarant, he had acknowledged having a Leica and photographic equipment in his apartment, which he said were for photographing music scores. A document dated May 5, 1944, asks Moscow to "please carry out a check and sanction the recruitment of Alfred Sarant, a lead of ANTENNA's" (the first code name of Julius Rosenberg). It notes that Sarant worked at the Signal Corps lab at Fort Monmouth, had worked for

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two years at Western Electric and was a member of the Communist Party. The filming of material, a May 22 report to Fitin indicates, was "attended by great risk particularly the secrets [materials] which were coming in during 1943 and are coming in now," due to surveillance of workers and of the apartment where they were filming documents.

Yet another document indicates the type of data Rosenberg was obtaining from his group. A September 15, 1944, report notes that KGB agent Andrej Scevchenko met with an agent who worked at an engineering plant run by Republic aircraft company, where he supplied details on the production of robots—actually high-propulsion airplanes with a speed of 500 miles per hour. The material was confirmed by Rosenberg, who reported as well on P-47 aircraft production carried out at Republic. A document dated three days later notes that Rosenberg's report verified "that the output of robots has begun and reports that robot launchers will apparently be mounted on aircraft carriers for action against JAPAN." It notes the report that Republic was turning out 600 P-47 aircraft a month and that they could fly 525 miles per hour.

The documents also support the argument Joyce Milton and I made about Ethel Rosenberg. A critical November 27, 1944, memo to Fitin from Eleonid Vkasnikov of the KGB in New York mentions "LIBERAL's wife," whose surname was "that of her husband, first name ETHEL, 29 years old." A fellow party member who was "sufficiently developed politically," she also, the KGB noted, "knows about her husband's work" as well as that of Barr and Sarant and one other unidentified spy but "in view of delicate health does not work." Ethel, in other words, was an accessory to her husband's espionage but not a participant on her own.

As for William Perl, the government could not indict him for espionage and was hoping Julius would break and testify against Perl and others in the ring. But the Venona documents offer proof that Perl was, indeed, a spy. Thus, a June 16, 1944, report to Moscow indicates that Perl had given the KGB "material information about air units for new aircraft" which "deserves exceptional attention." Data Perl had handed over were used for the design of the Russian high-tailed MIG fighter used in Korea. The material was considered so good that Fitin was informed that Perl was given a bonus of $500. A March 6, 1945, report also recorded the awarding of $4,000 to Julius Rosenberg and "either the purchase of valuable gifts for the probationers or payment to them of money on the basis of well-thought-out cover stories." The amount substantiates David Greenglass's testimony that, in 1950, Rosenberg had appeared at his home with a thick wad of small bills, $4,000 in all, which Rosenberg urged Greenglass to take and make preparations to go to Eastern Europe via a pre-arranged escape route through Mexico.

Two points need to be made about these new findings. For decades, the legions of Rosenberg defenders have argued that the Rosenbergs were victims of an anti-Communist witch-hunt. Each new revelation, such as those coming recently from the former Soviet Union, has been met with denial. Evidently, despite this new evidence, they are still at it. Robert Meeropol, the youngest son of the Rosenbergs, was quoted by the Associated Press as saying that "the documents themselves don't tell you anything.... You don't know whether the documents are made up out of nothing." To the contrary, the files substantiate extensively the Rosenbergs' guilt. What's more, they provide evidence of actual espionage carried out by other members of the ring, such as Barr, Sarant and, especially, William Perl. The government had sought to prosecute these individuals by breaking Rosenberg, and the National Security Agency forbade use of the files and did not make them available to the prosecution. Protecting the code-breaking from the Soviets was more important than the successful prosecution of a few spies.

Nevertheless, Joel Barr now lives and works in America, the country from which he fled as a result of his betrayal. Once he lived in the Soviet Union, where he made the first Soviet computers for defense work and became known as the "father of Soviet microelectronics." With Al Sarant, he built the first Soviet radar-controlled anti-aircraft weapons systems. But, because the National Security Agency would not allow Venona material to be used, and because Julius Rosenberg never talked, Barr now lives here and enjoys all the benefits of our system, including Social Security. Is it not time for the remaining members of Julius Rosenberg's ring—Joel Barr, Morton Sobell and others, to come forth and tell the truth?

More important, is it not time for the Rosenberg defenders to end a sordid campaign based on the false martyrdom of the Rosenbergs? Can't the Columbia University historian Eric Foner, who wrote that the Rosenberg case was about a broader pattern of "shattered careers and suppressed civil liberties," admit he was wrong? Can't Victor Navasky and *The Nation*, which for so long has made an issue out of the innocence of Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs, re-evaluate their view and acknowledge that, perhaps, the portrait they have painted of the 1950s is not entirely correct?

As I write, HBO Pictures is preparing a new movie on the life of Ethel Rosenberg, based on a novel that portrays the Rosenbergs as innocent. PBS has never presented any other view of the case, besides its much repeated and updated documentary by filmmaker Alvin Goldstein, *The Unquiet Death of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg*, which depicted the couple as victims of a government conspiracy. No wonder, to the public at large, the Rosenbergs are still viewed as innocent victims of a terrible age. The truth is finally out. Is it not too much to hope that the legions of true believers will decline to irrelevance, where they will join the ranks of the flat-earth society and the Holocaust deniers for whom facts and the truth are never a problem? •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Madnesses

The French director Gérard Mordillat has done something peculiar. Ultimately comprehensible, yet peculiar. He has made a film on an important figure in modern art—Antonin Artaud—about whom many cultivated viewers may know little, yet Mordillat has not filled in much of the man's background. He concentrates on Artaud's last two years. Mordillat and his co-screenwriter, Jérôme Prieur, previously made a three-hour documentary on Artaud, but their new ninety-three-minute picture is meant to be free-standing. Within the scope of its intent, it does stand free, because it is so extremely well made, but... well, I'll explain.

The screenplay derives from a book of memoirs about Artaud by the young poet Jacques Prevel. It begins in 1946 when Artaud, aged 50, still mentally teetering, returns to Paris from Rodez and the last of the asylums where he had spent nine years. The picture ends with his death in 1948. He is seen only as a poet, which he certainly was. But there is no mention of his work in theater and film, which is his principal legacy.

In one scene Artaud rehearses a young actress (the vocal methods he imposes on her can be heard in Artaud's recordings), but there is no hint in the film that he was the conceiver and the first director of the Theater of Cruelty and the author of *The Theater and Its Double*, one of the most influential theater books of the century. The realm of the relationship between Artaud and Prevel is poetry, and in that realm the film resides—incompletely as far as Artaud is concerned but beautifully in itself.

My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud (Leisure Time) is both the title of Prevel's book and the film. (Its U.S. premiere is, naturally, at New York's Film Forum.) It's a large title for a short friendship, but those two years were intense. Prevel had sent Artaud some of his poems at Rodez, and Artaud had responded favorably. In Paris, with Artaud still living in a suburban asylum but free to come and go, the men become close companions, with Artaud as Prevel's prime reader and Prevel as the older man's drug dealer. Artaud had been addicted to opium ever since some youthful ravages of illness, an addiction that grew as his life continued to ravage. Prevel, played like a pale worshipful ghost by Marc Barbe, has his own troubles—a pregnant wife, a demanding mistress and his own disease, tuberculosis. (He lived only three years longer than Artaud.) Nonetheless he holds this relationship as an artistic privilege and a chance to do the older man service.

Most of the scenes of Prevel's personal life are familiar Left Bank material: the domestic troubles with the harried wife, the sleazy hotel room with the mistress, café after café. But the picture holds even through these somewhat banal sequences, and certainly through the Artaud scenes, because Mordillat views it all not as a grim chronicle or a bohemian epic but as a delicate, frequently surrealistic tracery. (François Catonné's black-and-white camera helps marvelously.)

When Prevel rises belatedly and hurries to the railroad station to greet the returning Artaud, Mordillat shoots the sequence with a hand-held camera, in slow motion and slightly out of focus, with Prevel on the edge of a milling crowd, merely catching glimpses of Artaud's beret. Thus we get a sense of Artaud floating dreamily into Prevel's life. When Artaud does his famous poetry reading in 1947 before a packed house at the Vieux Colombier—an event arranged by some of the great names in theater and literature—we are not literally present: we see only a series of suggestive, subjective shots.

The editing is virtually free of connective tissue, time lapses, and so on. The film glides swiftly from place to place, from one day to another, with changes indicated only by different background and clothing. Thus Mordillat asks for imaginative collaboration from us, and he rewards us with freedom from mechanics.

Fine as all this is, the film's major asset is Sami Frey's performance of Artaud. Frey, known in this country ever since his appearance in early Godard and celebrated in France for first-rank theater work, had courage. He took on the role of a Mad Genius; and he succeeds by discarding all conventional claptrap. He plays a man who is "sincerely" mad and visionary, "sincerely" *in extremis*. Susan Sontag says in the scintillating introduction to her hefty collection of Artaud's

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Bandit Queen. *Re-enactment of the life of a modern Indian woman who, following years of abuse, sexual and otherwise, became leader of a Robin Hood band. Now, after prison, she is in Indian politics. Sizzling. (Reviewed 7/10/95)* **Jeffrey.** *A gay New Yorker, frightened of AIDS, avoids sex. Almost incredibly, this ghastly subject is treated with irreverent wit—but not without feeling. (8/7/95)* **The Postman.** *Poignant fiction about Pablo Neruda's stay on Capri in 1952 and his friendship with the local postman who bicycles up his mail. Philippe Noiret most satisfying as Neruda, the late Massimo Troisi unforgettable as his friend. (7/3/95)* **Sister My Sister.** *Stark rendering of the real-life double murder committed by two French sisters in 1932. (Also the basis of Genet's* The Maids.*) The script is more clinical than insightful, but Joely Richardson and Jodhi May and the direction by Nancy Meckler are superb. (7/17/95)* **—SK**

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writings: "Artaud offers the greatest *quantity* of suffering in the history of literature." Frey makes us believe that this heavy laurel fits Artaud.

By a curious sort of transubstantiation, Frey also certifies Artaud's early ambition to be a film star. Artaud was in twenty films between 1922 and 1935, most tellingly as Frère Massieu in Dreyer's *Joan of Arc*, and had quite seriously wanted to be a star. It probably couldn't have happened in any event because of mental and physical problems, but through Frey we can see that, theoretically at least, it was not a ridiculous ambition.

Retrospectively we can be glad that Artaud's film career did not grow. We would have been cheated of his theater writings. A number of notable theater artists—Grotowski, Brook, Roger Blin, Beck and Malina among them—would have had different histories without those writings. I've read that Jim Morrison of The Doors used Artaudian elements in his performances. And surely Sam Peckinpah's best films, whether or not he ever actually read Artaud, are Artaudian.

These matters in Artaud's career do not register in Mordillat's film. But Artaud, the man, does—richly.

Recently I had a nasty experience. I saw three atrocious films in a row. In itself this is not a rarity, but in each of these three was a truly distinguished actor. Such appearances are not exactly rare, either, but the one-two-three punch left me slightly ill.

Ben Kingsley, an actor of gleaming intelligence, is in a sci-fi thriller (yawner, actually) based on the hoary gimmick of vile monsters erupting out of normal-seeming bodies. Kingsley, as a U.S. federal agent trying to stop it all, is on screen a lot and tries to do as little as possible. Still, he's in the picture, and that's depressing.

Max von Sydow, firmly established in film history through his work with Bergman, lends himself to the latest Stallone excrescence. He plays a judge in a flick about the future that mixes *Mad Max* with *Blade Runner* and spoils both. Von Sydow might as well have been filmed walking through a garbage dump.

The greatest of the three men, John Gielgud, has a small role in the Connery-Gere fricassee of *Le Morte d'Arthur*. I doubt that Sir Thomas Malory is turning in his grave: he's probably too stunned to move. Gielgud has about six lines in the picture and presumably is on hand as a kind of mascot. Still, he is on hand.

None of these three men is a lately deflowered virgin. All have done trash before. As before, their implication (I think) is that they are merely passing through valleys of cash on their way from past peaks to future ones. Well, after my stomach settles, I'll keep watching. •

Tito and the origins of the Balkan War.

The Beginning of the End

By Istvan Deak

I.

British intellectuals have long been fascinated by Yugoslavia: the bravery of its guerrilla fighters, the madness of its religious conflicts, the uniqueness of its socialist experiments. Richard West is one of the most penetrating of these intellectuals. His study of Tito and Yugoslavia is readable, passionate and, except when he places a couple of early South Slavic princes on the wrong throne and confuses a famous peasant rebel with the battle in which he was defeated, largely accurate.

Istvan Deak is Seth Low Professor of History at Columbia University.

West did his military service after World War II in Trieste, then a bone of contention between Tito's Yugoslavia on the one side and Italy and the Western powers on the other. Later he studied Southeast European history at Cambridge University and spent a number of years in Yugoslavia, first as a graduate student and then as a correspondent for various British journals. He comments wittily on the debate raging over World War II Yugoslavia among Oxbridge dons, former British secret service agents, military officers and historians, most of whom had assumed every one of these guises at some point in their careers. The questions are whether Churchill did well to support the Yugoslav Communists during World War II; just who, among the

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British officer-intellectuals parachuted into German-occupied Yugoslavia, was instrumental in winning Churchill over to the Partisan cause; were the pro-Tito British officers easy victims of a Soviet mole in the British military intelligence service; and was Tito a blessing or a curse for the peoples of Yugoslavia and the cause of freedom. West cautiously endorses Churchill's wartime decision to favor the Partisans over their rivals, and he sees Tito's Yugoslavia as the only viable alternative to total chaos. But Yugoslavia is no more, and a terrible war that the rest of the world seems incapable of bringing under control is now raging across its former territories, and so this is also a very sad book.

West argues convincingly that one cannot possibly understand the Balkan conflict by describing it purely in terms of class, race and gender (as we would now say) and ignoring what really counts, namely tradition and history, particularly religious history. He angrily criticizes those contemporary South Slav politicians who seek to stress the ethnic and linguistic differences between their peoples, and he points out that, in Yugoslavia, linguistic affinities have tended to separate more than to unite. This is because Serbs, Croats, Bosnian Muslims, Macedonians, Montenegrins and the rest understand each other's chauvinistic propaganda and hate literature all too well. Or, as the British historian Christopher Bennett points out in his eminently rational book *Yugoslavia's Bloody Collapse,* Serbian, Muslim and Croatian soldiers sing the same traditional battle songs in today's civil war. "Sometimes, during battles, in between shelling, rival commanders chatted over walkie-talkies with their opposite numbers trading insults and black jokes."

Educated Serbs, Croats, Muslim Slavs and many other South Slav inhabitants of former Yugoslavia speak the same Serbo-Croatian, a literary language created by nineteenth-century intellectuals. Everyday language is divided into several dialects, but these are defined by geography, not by political boundaries, religion or ethnicity. The Bosnian-English, English-Bosnian dictionary that I came across recently in a New York bookstore, I have been assured by linguists, has about the same linguistic justification as a Brooklyn English-French dictionary or a Northern Irish-Spanish dictionary.

Even history does not always divide the South Slavs, and it is not true that Serbs and Croats cherish an age-old hatred for each other. In fact, the concepts of Croatian, Serbian or any other South Slav nationality are nineteenth-century inventions. The medieval Serbian, Croatian and Bosnian kingdoms, so often invoked by contemporary nationalists, had little if anything to do with nationality. It is an article of faith for today's Serbian nationalists that, all the way back in 1389, their nation sacrificed itself for Christian civilization and their fellow South Slavs in the historic battle against the Ottoman Turks at Kosovo Polje. In truth, Albanians and other Balkan Christians shared equally in the defeat. Moreover, as in Spain at that time, Balkan princes alternated between fighting each other, banding together to hold back the Turks and siding with Turks against fellow Christians.

The main difference between Serbs and Croats is that the culture of the former originates from the Eastern Orthodox Christian tradition, whereas those who today call themselves Croats have been living for 1,000 years within Western Christianity and, until 1918, under the sway of Roman Catholic Hungarian and Habsburg rulers. In the Ottoman Empire, and until the nineteenth century in the Habsburg monarchy, people were defined by their faith and their social status, not their nationality. As for the Bosnian Muslims, West points out,

Tito and the Rise and Fall of Yugoslavia
by Richard West
(Carroll and Graf, 436 pp., $27.50)

they are largely the descendants of Bogomils, a group of pre-Reformation radical religious dissenters who suffered persecution in Papal crusades organized against them. When conquered by the Ottoman Turks in the fifteenth century, the Bogomils gladly opted for the more tolerant Islam. Because they were allowed to keep their lands, they formed something like an upper crust in Bosnia.

All this, however, did not make the Muslims any less South Slavic than the Catholics and the Eastern Orthodox of the region. It was Tito's and his Marxist companions' gravest mistake, in West's view, to pretend not to notice the cultural-religious divisions within the country and to claim that the lines of division in Yugoslavia during World War II ran between collaborators and resisters, fascists and anti-fascists, progressives and reactionaries, workers and exploiters. Marxist-Leninist ideology and the need to unite Yugoslavia, West argues, dictated that Tito and company interpret the events of World War II as a heroic national struggle against foreign invaders and a small minority of domestic blackguards. (West might well have added that World War II has been similarly re-interpreted in all the countries of Europe, with the prevailing view of the period in France, say, being no more accurate than in Yugoslavia.) In actuality, in the horrendous civil war that engulfed Yugoslavia during World War II, the German and Italian occupiers as well as the British supporters of the anti-Communist Serbian Chetniks or Tito's Partisans played only a secondary role.

II.

Tito, whose given name was Josip Broz, was born in 1892 in northwestern Croatia into a peasant family. His father was a Croat and his mother a Slovene-speaker; there were fifteen children of whom only seven lived to adulthood. Nominally a sovereign kingdom, Croatia was then under Hungarian domination and, as such, a part of that strange dual state, Habsburg Austria-Hungary. Most of the Croatian intelligentsia hated Hungarian supremacy and dreamed of some kind of South Slav unity, with or without the Habsburgs. A not insignificant minority of intellectuals, however, dreamed of a Greater Croatia, again with or without the Habsburgs.

All this made little difference to Tito's family or their ilk, whose main concern was poverty. By 1914, Tito had learned many trades and, as a skilled mechanic, had been in many parts of Germany and the Dual Monarchy. When the Bosnian Serb student Gavrilo Princip assassinated Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, Bosnian Catholics used the opportunity to make a pogrom against the Bosnian Orthodox population. Never mind that Princip and his fellow terrorists were neither religious fanatics nor extreme Serbian nationalists. Rather, the terrorists, most of whom were mere boys, hoped to build a democratic, anarcho-socialist Yugoslavia in a democratic, anarcho-socialist Europe. It is true, though, that they had been equipped and instructed by officers of the Serbian military intelligence, who arranged for the killing of the anti-war and pro-Slav Archduke in the expectation that it would lead to a war and the demise of the Habsburg monarchy. By then, Bosnia-Herzegovina had been for over thirty years under Austro-Hungarian rule, a unique period in the history of that country marked by dazzling economic progress and a blessed internal peace.

Tito was now a master sergeant in the Austro-Hungarian army, and although he keeps rather quiet about it in his dictated autobiography, he served the emperor loyally and valiantly, first in the unsuccessful campaign against Serbia and then in the not much more successful Austro-Hungarian campaign against Russia. In March 1915, he fell, badly wounded, into Russian captivity. West asserts that Tito remained loyal to the Habsburgs even when he was a prisoner

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of war; otherwise he would have joined the Yugoslav Legion set up by the Russians to fight against the Central Powers. I am not so sure that it was possible to enter the Legion from every POW camp; and Sergeant Broz, as a Catholic and a Croat, might not even have been invited to join. When revolution broke out in Russia, Tito drifted westward, along with other released POWs. He had become a Communist in Russia, but, as he himself later admitted publicly, he participated only minimally in the Bolshevik Revolution. As West explains, such occasional bouts of candor and even humorous self-deprecation made Tito nearly unique among Communist leaders. He and his newfound Russian wife arrived in his hometown in Croatia in 1920.

Yugoslavia, as West correctly emphasizes, was not created, as its detractors insist, by the great powers at the Versailles Peace Treaty. It was set up by the South Slavs themselves. This does not mean that theirs was necessarily a wise decision. It was a momentous error to believe, and then to persuade the rest of the world to believe, that Serbs, Croats and Slovenes comprised one big South Slav nation, and that Yugoslavia, rather than a mosaic of ethnic, religious and social groups, was a nation-state with a handful of ethnic minorities. As it soon turned out, the Yugoslav kingdom would be even more difficult to govern than the notoriously "ramshackle" Habsburg monarchy, which had been more prosperous, had a father figure in its Emperor-King and had been built piecemeal over many centuries.

Half of Yugoslavia was assembled from wildly differing parts of Austria-Hungary whose young men had fought against Serbia, Montenegro and their allies in the Great War, and the other half consisted of Serbia and the formerly independent Montenegrin Kingdom. This mini-empire was home not only to Catholic, Orthodox and Muslim Serbo-Croatian speakers, but also to other South Slav-speakers such as the Slovenes, Macedonians and Bulgarians as well as such non-Slavs as Albanians, Hungarians, Germans, Sephardic and Ashkenazi Jews, Italians, Gypsies, Turks, Greeks and Kutzo-Vlachs. It was governed by a Serbian king and a Serbian-dominated cabinet and parliament. Those who resisted the new state were crushed by the Yugoslav army, police and bureaucracy, in all of which Serbs played a decisive role.

In this complex world, the Yugoslav Communist Party represented at first a rather popular (but then, when forced underground, less well-known) alternative. As one of this party's functionaries, Tito was arrested in 1928 and spent the next six years in jail. Like political prisoners elsewhere in Eastern Europe at the time, convicted Communists were treated much better in Yugoslavia than they would treat their own political prisoners later. When in Lepoglava Prison, Tito sometimes met with friends in a town café. When he was released, he traveled abroad and worked as a Comintern agent, developing a coterie of friends: neither the World War II Partisan leader nor the postwar president and dictator would have been conceivable without the support of such strong personalities as the Slovenian Jew Mosa Pijade; the talented Montenegrin intellectual Milovan Djilas; the Slovene schoolmaster Edvard Kardelj; the Serbian Alexander Rankovic, a peasant's son who would later head Tito's political police; Koca Popovic, the son of a Belgrade millionaire, who became the commander of the Partisans' crack First Proletarian Brigade; and others. Djilas's criticism and subsequent break with Tito, in 1953, caused the dictator genuine distress.

III.

For Yugoslavia, the year 1941 was a year of calamity. When the royal government attempted to appease Hitler by making some concessions to German interests (without, however, surrendering the country's independence and

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neutrality), a group of Serbian officers, mostly from the air force, overthrew the government. The role of the British secret service in the coup d'état remains a matter of controversy, as do many other aspects of British participation in Yugoslav events. In any case, Hitler would not forgive what he saw as an arrogant betrayal. On April 6, 1941, German airplanes smashed Belgrade. On the same day, the Wehrmacht invaded Yugoslavia. Those who are now convinced, incidentally, that the Bosnian Serb forces cannot be stopped without enormous bloodshed, not even by a large international force, would do well to remember that the German army defeated and occupied all of Yugoslavia in ten days, suffering a minimum of losses. Under the Nazi onslaught, the country simply fell apart. A part of the population greeted the arriving German troops as liberators.

Richard West's book is a biography, but he devotes many pages to the Croatian Ustasha state in World War II, which arose virtually on the day that German troops arrived in Zagreb. West's discussion of the Ustasha state only seems like a digression in his book, for the anti-German guerrilla movements and civil war during World War II—and today's war in the region—cannot be understood without first understanding the history of World War II Croatia. This rather large state encompassed Croatia proper, the former Habsburg Military Border or Vojna Krajina, parts of Dalmatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina. It was sovereign, but one half of its territory was garrisoned by German troops and the other half by Italians.

Croatia's leaders were the most radical and ferocious of the country's nationalists. Richard West calls theirs "one of the most horrendous regimes in history." He insists, rightly, that the main supporters of the Ustasha state were the Vatican and the Croatian clergy; that at first the regime was not unpopular among the country's Catholic inhabitants; and that the dictator Ante Pavelic and his aides were not simply the puppets of Nazi Germany. Indeed, the Croatian government pursued its own policy of ethnic cleansing, in full disregard of the interests of Germany. The latter, after all, wanted stability in the Balkans, where it had no interests other than reaping economic gain and keeping out the British.

The avowed aim of the Ustasha leaders in the process of ethnic cleansing (a term that they themselves employed) was to convert one-third of the country's Orthodox Serb population, to expel another third and to kill the remaining third. The Croatian leaders were never able to determine whether the Orthodox population were "lost" Croats or hopelessly inferior Serbs, but all the same they went on converting, expelling and killing, all with the blessing and often enthusiastic participation of Catholic clergymen, especially Franciscan friars. Members of this monastic order, which had been brought into Bosnia in the thirteenth century to deal with the Bogomils, outdid all the others in inciting to murder and, in the case of some friars, physically participating in that murder. Hundreds, if not thousands, of defenseless people were hacked to death by young Franciscan monks, for whom this was both a Croatian national crusade and a Roman Catholic crusade. Croatia was, after all, the *Antemurale Christianitatis*, the foremost bastion of (Western) Christianity.

As West notes, neither Pope Pius XII, nor Cardinal Archbishop Alojzije Stepinac of Zagreb, nor the numerous Croatian bishops (with the single exception of the aged Bishop of Mostar) publicly condemned the atrocities. Moreover, neither the Vatican, nor the Croatian clergy, nor the Order of Franciscans has ever publicly acknowledged responsibility for what was perpetrated in Croatia between 1941 and 1945. Yet these atrocities were committed in the name of Jesus Christ and Holy Mary, patroness of Croatia. The Church's lame excuse that the most notorious killer, Father Miroslav Filipovic-Majstorovic, known to the inmates at Jasenovac concentration camp as *Fra Sotona* or Brother Devil, had been previously suspended by his superiors from his ecclesiastical functions is precisely that, a lame excuse.

In one of the most interesting sections of his book, West maintains that the Italian authorities and the German generals were aghast at the sight of the massacres. In fact, those areas of Yugoslavia, including much of Dalmatia, which had been annexed by Italy in 1941, or those that were garrisoned by the Italian army, became safe havens for thousands of Jewish and Orthodox refugees. The Italian army often intervened against the Croatian Ustashas, and it cooperated with the Serbian Chetnik guerrillas in an attempt to mitigate the extent of Ustasha atrocities.

In the case of the Germans, however, West may be relying a little too heavily on the memoirs of the German military plenipotentiary in Croatia, General Edmund Glaise von Horstenau. This former Austro-Hungarian general staff officer despised the murderous Croatian fascists. He was particularly upset that the main victim of Ustasha atrocities was the Orthodox population of the former Austro-Hungarian Military Border, a group which had loyally served the Habsburgs. But, as West himself admits, Glaise von Horstenau did nothing to save the Jews, and he protested only privately against the massacre of the Orthodox population. He was undoubtedly restrained by the unconditional support that the German foreign ministry and Hitler himself gave to the Ustasha leaders, as well as by the fact that most of the Croatian generals had once been his comrades in the army of Francis Joseph.

In his memoirs, Glaise von Horstenau claims to have been powerless to help; and truly, in 1941 at the time of the worst Ustasha massacres, there were very few German battalions in Croatia. (Later the Germans needed the military assistance of the Croats against the Serbian Chetniks and the Communist Partisans.) Still, energetic protests by the German commanders and, of course, by the Vatican would undoubtedly have had some beneficial effect on Pavelic and his lieutenants, who were both pious Catholics and ardent admirers of the German military. Thus, I can only partly agree with West when he writes: "It cannot be too often emphasized that the Fascist Italians and even the Nazi Germans exercised a humane and restraining influence on the Ustasha Croats."

It is important to emphasize that by far not all Croats were behind the Ustasha leaders. Thousands fought in the Partisan ranks, while the great majority of the population just tried to get by, as did the majority of the population elsewhere in Hitler's Europe. And thousands of Croats were among the 60,000 to 80,000 victims at Jasenovac concentration camp. (Serbian propagandists often write about 1 million or more Serbian inmates killed at Jasenovac. This is an irresponsibly inflated figure, especially as Jasenovac had no gas chambers, and its killing was done with the aid of pistols, knives, axes, mallets and the like.) As for Croatia's creative intellectuals, they (like creative intellectuals elsewhere) first tended to write odes to Pavelic and enjoy the thriving literary culture of fascist Croatia and then, when the fortunes of war changed, most of the same writers, poets and philosophers became dedicated Communists. What really matters is that the Ustasha lunacy drove millions of unpolitical Yugoslavs into the arms of Serbian Chetniks and Communist Partisans. West is correct to argue that the hatreds of World War II have been in large part responsible for the ultimate failure of postwar Yugoslavia.

IV.

While in Moscow in the late 1930s, Tito somehow managed to survive the Stalinist purges. When all the significant Yugoslav Communists had been liquidated at the orders of Stalin, he

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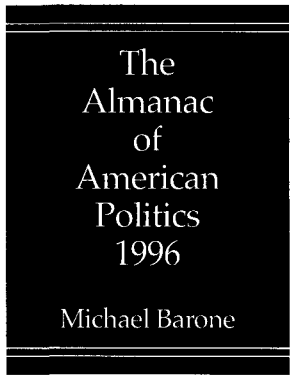

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was appointed general secretary of the party in 1939. The German invasion found him living in easy illegality in Zagreb, from whence he soon moved to Belgrade. He did not immediately engage in resistance activities, if for no other reason than because in the spring of 1941, Germany and the Soviet Union were still allies. Early resistance was the work of the Royal Colonel Draza Mihailovic, whose Serbian Chetniks harassed the Germans. These were mainly fairly well-to-do Serbian peasants, many married and not even young, who were loyal to the exiled king and who tended to be part-time guerrillas. But the Germans did not take lightly to such harassment, and when, in October 1941, ten German soldiers were killed, whether by Chetniks or by Tito's Partisans remains unclear, they executed close to 7,000 hostages in the Serbian city of Kragujevac, among them hundreds of schoolboys. This bestial act of revenge taught the Chetniks a lesson: they became less inclined to kill Germans and concentrated instead on preserving their forces for the final struggle.

Tito and the Communists became active in the fall of 1941, in Serbia first, and, when they were driven out of Serbia, in Montenegro and Bosnia-Herzegovina. In addition, the Partisans soon installed themselves in Croatia proper as well as in Slovenia. Strangely, Serbia proved to be the least troubled region in Yugoslavia almost until the war's end. Although Chetniks and Partisans initially cooperated, the differences between the two groups were so enormous as to make a lasting enmity inevitable. The Chetniks generally wanted to protect the peasants and so were often hesitant to take violent action against the occupiers, whereas the Partisans had no hesitation about killing Germans, since they expected reprisals to radicalize the population. The Chetniks were Serbian patriots, while the Partisans were internationalists, even in the narrower Yugoslav sense. The Chetniks hoped to restore the monarchy, possibly in a Greater Serbia; the Partisans worked for a world communist revolution. Mihailovic barely exercised control over his many groups, a minority of whom even chose to cooperate with the Germans and Italians against the Partisans.

The highly centralized and disciplined Partisans set up a government as early as November 1942; they also operated schools, hospitals, theaters and a judiciary system. Soon there was war between Chetniks and Partisans, which increasingly overshadowed the war against the invaders. As West rightly emphasizes, one of the most erroneous legends regarding Tito's Partisans is that they relentlessly fought the Germans. In reality, their main enemies were the anti-Nazi Chetniks. Yugoslav Communists and their British friends claimed that the Partisan forces were tying down twenty or thirty German divisions; but in reality German supply columns sometimes crossed Partisan-held territory more easily than Chetnik-held territory, and even the greatest German-Italian-Ustasha offensive against the Partisans involved only four or five German divisions. It is true, however, that five divisions were more than what the Germans needed for anti-guerrilla operations in other parts of Europe, except in Poland and the Soviet Union.

British officers were parachuted into Mihailovic's headquarters as early as 1941. These brave men, as well as the hundreds of British and American airmen who had to bail out over Yugoslavia and were rescued by Chetniks, never thereafter flinched in their belief that the Germans would have suffered even greater losses, and communism in Yugoslavia could have been avoided, had the British supported Mihailovic to the end. In 1943, however, Churchill delegated some officers to the Partisans as well, and these men, notably William Deakin and Fitzroy Maclean, became strong Tito supporters.

Paradoxically, unlike the Britons with the monarchist Mihailovic, those with the communist Partisans were from the upper classes and consequently exercised greater influence on British policy. Deakin had been to Winchester and Maclean to Eton. Maclean was a diplomat and a Tory MP who had been made a brigadier for the purpose of acting as Churchill's personal representative and head of the British military mission to Tito. Maclean's most determined British critic, Michael Lees, who was with Mihailovic, believes that in Partisan headquarters the aristocratic Scotsman became Tito's mouthpiece; the American government, on the other hand, which also tended to distrust Tito, suspected that Maclean was there to promote British imperialism. It would seem, rather, that Maclean used his best judgment when endorsing the Partisans. West notes, in disappointment, that after the war Maclean accepted some favors from Tito. Myself, I find Maclean's writings on Tito embarrassingly sycophantic.

In December 1943 Churchill decided to support only Tito. This amounted to a virtual declaration of war on Mihailovic (who was, at least in theory, minister of defense of the Yugoslav government in exile), for the Partisans now used British weapons to fight the Chetniks. Considering that Stalin himself did nothing for the Partisans, British assistance to them was decisive. But West argues that Churchill's crucial decision was inevitable, due less to Maclean's talents of persuasion than to German reports decoded by the secret Ultra system. The reports showed that, by 1943, the Germans considered the Partisans to be their main enemy in the Balkans.

Soviet and Partisan forces liberated Belgrade in October 1944. Tito's forces marched into Croatia and Slovenia and, in April 1945, they confronted the British at Trieste, an Italian city whose hinterland was inhabited mainly by South Slavs. There had been a race for Trieste, with the British and the Partisans getting there on the same day. For the next forty days, as West writes, Partisans went on massacring Germans, Italian officials and many anti-fascists who thought that Trieste should be Italian. At last the Partisans were forced to withdraw from the city, mainly because Stalin was not willing to risk another world war on their behalf.

Other events before the Trieste incident, had he known about them, would have demonstrated to Churchill that Tito was truly his own man. Early in 1943, the Partisan leader became so worried about the possibility of an Anglo-American landing in the Balkans, and the threat that such a second front would represent to his own power over Yugoslavia, that he dispatched Djilas and two other Partisan leaders to the Croatian capital to offer free passage for German supplies through Partisan-held territory in exchange for the Germans not interfering with the Partisans' campaign against the Chetniks. The delegation was also to offer joint military action to the Germans in the event of an Allied landing. The local Germans were enthusiastic, but nothing came of the talks because Hitler would not hear of such deals—and because there was no Allied landing.

The war concluded with one more terrible episode. Ahead of the advancing Soviets and Partisans fled masses of German and Croatian soldiers, Ustasha fascists, Chetnik guerrillas and civilians of every creed and nationality, generally to Austria. A majority of them were subsequently turned over to the Partisans by the British commanders in their zone of occupation, often by lying to the refugees. Their return took the form of a death march in which the Partisans killed perhaps 30,000 people, dumping the corpses into ravines. Similar scenes took place in the so-called Vojvodina, where German and Hungarian peasants became the victims of Partisan fury. As for Mihailovic, he was executed by a firing squad on July 17, 1946, on a Belgrade golf course.

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Considering that most Jews and Gypsies and hundreds of thousands of Serbs, Croats, Muslims and others had already been killed, or had been expelled from their homeland, during the war these purges represented another important step in the general process of ethnic cleansing that had actually begun in the nineteenth century, during the wars of liberation from Turkish rule. Thus, it is certainly not true that, unlike Mihailovic's Serbs or Pavelic's Croats, Tito's Communist Partisans never engaged in ethnic cleansing. Whereas the British handed over nearly all the unimportant refugees to Tito's representatives, the entire higher leadership of the Ustasha state avoided deportation. Soon Ante Pavelic, Minister of Interior Andrija Artukovic, the commandant of Jasenovac concentration camp Maks Luburic, and other mass murderers were spirited out of Austria by an organization set up by churchmen, especially Jesuits, and with what must have been the connivance of the British and American authorities. The Ustasha leaders settled in such places as Argentina, Spain and the United States.

V.

During the war many people doubted that Tito was a real person. At the end of the war, he was treated as one of the world's most famous statesmen. At first, his Yugoslavia enthusiastically followed the Stalinist model while evincing violent hostility to the West. As West explains, megalomaniac industrialization, forced collectivization, the total elimination of bourgeois politicians and the ruthless persecution of real and imagined political enemies nearly wiped out the already destitute country. I remember that, in 1947, in what was then still a relatively free and prosperous Hungary, Yugoslavia was known to be a place with starving and deprived people where not even a needle or thread could be had. Meanwhile Tito lived in increasingly boundless luxury and appeared in increasingly opulent clothes. He began to resemble Reichsmarschall Goering in his appearance.

In 1948, to Tito's immediate distress but long-term benefit, Stalin and the Cominform broke with Yugoslav Communism. This move is difficult to understand, despite the Yugoslavs' proven arrogance toward the wise leader of world communism, and it must be judged to have been one of Stalin's greatest mistakes. At first the Yugoslavs remained dedicated Stalinists, while eliminating the so-called Cominformists from their ranks. In fact, the Cominformist purges in Yugoslavia were as terrible as the Titoist purges in the Soviet Bloc. And the Yugoslav Gulags were no more humane than the Soviet Gulags.

For the next ten-odd years of economic experiment and struggle, Yugoslavia was mostly a dreary place in which to live. By the 1960s, however, there was a distinct change for the better. How did this come about? West is not sure. Western financial aid and the extension of the American nuclear umbrella over Yugoslavia certainly did not lead to immediate domestic reform. West suggests that Tito's happy second marriage, to Jovanka, may have helped to bring about a mellowing of his regime. The fact is that collectivization was undone in 1953, whatever the reason, and new social experiments were introduced, such as the famed introduction of workers' self-management.

The latter was not much of a success, but it helped to restore Tito's tarnished image in the world. He was becoming the favorite of both conservative anti-Communist politicians and left-wing intellectuals. Meanwhile, he resolutely followed his own neutralist policy. After Khrushchev apologized to the Yugoslavs, in 1956, for Stalin's mistakes, Tito was free to play up both camps in the cold war against one another. It is not clear, however, whether his leadership of the non-aligned world helped Yugoslavia in any way. Confident that neither camp would permit Yugoslavia to go bankrupt, he allowed the country to accumulate an enormous foreign debt burden. It was this debt that contributed mightily to Yugoslavia's final undoing.

Tito created, after 1945 and in subsequent constitutional reforms, a federal state with absolute central control exercised by the Communist Party and the political police. Clearly, the real test of federalism would come if ever the party and the police lost their authority. Yet central power rested on the ephemeral reality of the cold war and the Soviet threat. The nearly unchecked corruption on the higher levels of society; Djilas's ferocious criticism of the rise of the "New Class"; the gradual opening of the frontiers; the lack of a domestic welfare system which drove millions of Yugoslav workers abroad; and the growing influence of Western media all presented grave challenges to the regime in the 1960s and '70s. Still, there is no denying the enormous headway that the Yugoslavs made in those years. The majority of the population were no longer poor and ignorant peasants. There was hitherto unimaginable prosperity and progress. Yugoslavs became fairly well informed and they were free to travel. The arts were unrestrained.

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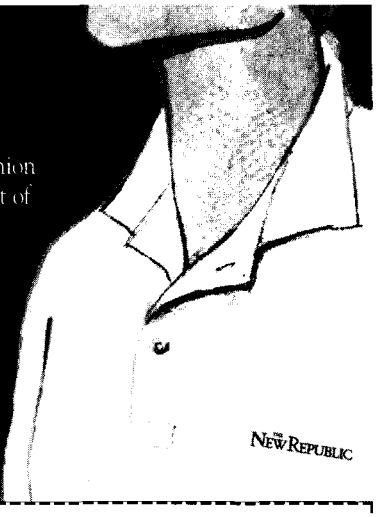

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In the 1960s and '70s, I found Communist Yugoslavia much freer and more Westernized than Janos Kadar's liberal Communist Hungary. But rising expectations created new tensions, particularly a renewal of nationalist agitation. The prosperous Slovenes and Croats resented those in the much poorer south; and the Serbs began to resent all the others. West skillfully explains the mania of persecution that seemed to seize so many Serbs. Thousands became convinced, for no real reason, that the Serbs had always had to suffer for the sake of everybody else. And what had they gained from their sacrifices? "All the world hates us, us and the Jews."

Tito cracked down systematically on nationalist agitation among both Serbs and Croats. This allowed his regime to survive. But in Yugoslavia, as in Austria-Hungary during the last years of the emperor's seemingly endless reign, more and more people expected, correctly as it turned out, that the passing away of the Old Man would lead to the demise of the state as well. The difference was that the multinational Habsburg monarchy collapsed only as a result of military defeat at the end of a long war. Multinational Yugoslavia would collapse in peacetime. Tito died in 1980, and millions of Yugoslavs mourned him sincerely.

VI.

The gaunt Partisan commander and the playboy, the puritanical Communist and the lover of innumerable women: all the images fit Tito and, curiously, all served his popularity at home. Maybe this was because he was so unlike the other Communist statesmen. He was handsome, with an easy smile, charming, quite informal. "He is a very wealthy man," a minor Yugoslav Communist official told me proudly, in 1964, pointing to one of Tito's many palatial residences on an Adriatic island. Still, his charisma is not easy to understand. He was a dull speaker. He was, undeniably, a man of enormous courage. And there was also the fact that the civil war weary population was attracted by his refusal to identify himself with any ethnic or religious group.

Much of Tito's genuine popularity was obscured by the cult of personality that surrounded him. West writes, "Tito himself had never allowed the veneration to turn into idolatry, such as that surrounding Hitler, Stalin, and Mao Zedong." This is an astonishing statement. There were Tito cities, Tito Streets and Tito Squares; and millions of Tito portraits adorned every building, public and private, in what was Yugoslavia. It is true, though, that the cult of Tito was founded, at least partly, on genuine sentiment.

As a consequence of the Communist regime's profligacy, there was now a foreign debt of over $20 billion and a resulting hyperinflation. Loans were drying up and, as Christopher Bennett explains in *Yugoslavia's Bloody Collapse*, it was revealed that much of the foreign monies had been spent on consumption and futile projects. The world oil crisis further aggravated the economic situation, as Tito's successors fought among themselves and introduced increasingly complicated systems of rotation in order to share equally in political power and in the material benefits of political power. Meanwhile the republics, all legally sovereign, set out to translate theory into reality, especially in the matter of economics. But the greatest challenge to Yugoslavia came with the end of the cold war. Suddenly the country became unimportant.

Had Slobodan Milosevic not appeared on the scene, and had some previously left-liberal Serbian intellectuals not become Great Serbian chauvinists, the collapse might have been avoided, West believes. It was Milosevic, the ambitious and ruthless party bureaucrat who exploited the troubles in Kosovo province between Serbs and Albanians to make himself the ruler not only of Serbia, but of all Serbs. His method was a combination of chauvinism and violence, both of which were enthusiastically embraced by the media in Belgrade, especially the semi-pornographic tabloid press. No doubt, similar tones of chauvinism and self-pity emanated from every Yugoslav republic. Victimology is, after all, a worldwide pastime. Still, the Serbian leadership and the Serbian media were especially good at it. As a result, when the Serbian commanders started to initiate ethnic cleansing in Bosnia-Herzegovina, thousands of Bosnian Serbs engaged in rape and murder, claiming self-defense. Their targets were their Muslim relatives, friends and neighbors with whom they had been living peacefully for five decades. Between 200,000 and 300,000 people perished in 1992 in Bosnia-Herzegovina. The world looked on.

Serb nationalism was matched by growing nationalism in Croatia, under the leadership of the anti-Semitic former communist general Franjo Tudjman. In fact, according to West, Tudjman and Milosevic "needed each other to stay in power, and were in fact quite close political friends." In June 1991, Slovenia and Croatia declared their independence. Yugoslavia had come to an end.

Of all the participants in the Yugoslav horrors, West considers the Bosnian Muslims the least guilty, and he insists that, despite its bloody history, Bosnia was the place where different groups were best able to live in peace. In truth, the republic had seen a great number of religious intermarriages, and Bosnia-Herzegovina was, with Macedonia, the least enthusiastic about dissolving Yugoslavia. When it finally opted for independence, it was because the Bosnian leadership, made up of Muslims, Catholics and Orthodox, saw no other choice.

What if Churchill had decided, in 1943, not to throw the weight of Great Britain behind Tito and his Partisans, but to support Mihailovic instead? In all likelihood, the outcome would have been the same. Tito would still have won, for a number of reasons. He was a great leader, whereas Mihailovic was only a decent and brave man; the monarchy had never been particularly popular in Yugoslavia; and, most importantly, several years of religious war and horrendous suffering had taught the people to place their trust in a movement with a strong social message and a secular, supranational ideology. The ruthlessness of the Partisans and of the postwar Communist regime cost thousands of lives, but had the Chetniks or any other group won the race for power, the revenge and the ruthlessness is likely to have been no different.

After the war, Tito did his best to protect Yugoslavia and to raise the standard of living of his people. Given the limits of his intellect and of the Marxist-Leninist system, he did very well. But he was unable to deal successfully with three long-range problems: the faulty economic system; the corruption, aggressiveness and rapaciousness of many bureaucrats and politicians; and the nationalist resentments. Would an honest discussion, especially of the nationality question, have helped? Most likely it would have, but the very nature of the regime forbade an honest discussion of any major issue, let alone the issue of nationality.

Tito gave a breathing space to his peoples, which enabled them to become relatively prosperous, to wipe out the many illnesses hitherto plaguing the population, to get an education, to travel and observe how other systems work. Certainly by the 1980s many people in Yugoslavia were ready to experiment with genuine democracy. Their hopes have been drowned in blood by men who use nationalistic rhetoric to further their own ends. A fearful number of the former Communist functionaries who came into power ten years after Tito's death proved themselves to be not humane and decent leaders, but war criminals. This must be judged Tito's greatest failure. •

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The Forest and the Trees

BY ANTHONY GRAFTON

Landscape and Memory by Simon Schama

(Knopf, 652 pp., $40)

We rush across the gleaming surface of the ocean, moving rapidly but smoothly above the untroubled beauty of the dark waters. Jagged cliffs and wild surf, rugged hills and lush grass pass beneath us. Music plays. Finally we reach our destination, where the action begins. It may be a prison from which a psychopathic bomber prepares to break out, or a clearing where poor Scottish farmers will discover the hanged bodies of their chiefs, or a village where women will be impregnated by aliens. Whatever the details of the action that follows, the sequence of images—from any one of the fashionable movie openings of the last two years or so—teaches the same lesson: nature is the realm of purity and beauty, and man imports violence to this separate world from his own corrupt and frightening habitat, the city.

As soon as we recover from the state of easy receptivity that movies induce, we realize that we have bought a bill of goods with our $4 matinee ticket. We haven't experienced nature but an image of it, colored, framed and varnished to match our very human myths and assumptions. The lovely Scottish hills that William Wallace (or rather Mel Gibson) roams in *Braveheart* are not the natural habitat of purity and virtue. For a start, they're probably Irish; and they have been photographed from angles and in a light that makes them conform to an Anglo-American myth of mountain beauty. If we hadn't already seen too many Sierra Club calendars, we couldn't decode the animated calendar that the movie sets before us. What looked like life was art. The unbounded beauty of nature that lifted our hearts was a slick packaging job. Nature, at least in the movies, never escapes culture.

In his new book, Simon Schama mounts a formidable scholarly expedition into the bright heart of the Construct Called Nature. He carries the reader in space from Egypt to Yosemite, in subject matter from ancient stone cult images to Anselm Kiefer's all-too-modern scorched books, in time from the second millennium BC to the present. He examines an enormous range of individuals, telling their stories easily and vividly, from the sculptor and architect Gianlorenzo Bernini and the Jesuit polymath Athanasius Kircher, who between them created baroque Rome's most compelling urban spectacle, the fountain of the four rivers in the Piazza Navona, to Gutzon Borglum and Rose Arnold Powell, who clashed over whether a monumental head of Susan B. Anthony should appear beside the male heroic heads that Borglum carved and blasted out of the rock faces of Mount Rushmore. Schama resets all his protagonists into the social habitats in which they flourished, re-creating a grand ecology of creative eccentricity whose niches include the hunting lodges of ancient Lithuanian forests, the palaces of the late-eighteenth-century Barbary Coast, Neapolitan gardens and French sacred mountains.

Schama's energy as a researcher never flags, even when he has to quarry material from impenetrably obscure texts, such as the now-forgotten Renaissance Latin work which first celebrated for a European public, in marmoreal Latin, the appearance and the habits of the Lithuanian bison. His commentary illuminates dozens of dark places in intellectual history as well as a museum's worth of images, from paintings and photographs to the prospects created by landscape architects. Reading Schama's book, in fact, resembles a pleasant experience of cultural drowning. The entire history of the Western tradition seems to pass before the reader's eyes.

Schama long ago established himself as one of the most learned, original and provocative historians in the English-speaking world. His career began with a dazzling social and political history of Holland in the age of the French Revolution. In *The Embarrassment of Riches*, he offered a massive, provocative interdisciplinary analysis of the culture of the Dutch elite in the Republic's seventeenth-century Golden Age. Schama trawled a wealth of verbal and visual materials from sermons, emblem books, household inventories and popular prints; he used them to trace the fault lines in the mentality of the Calvinist burghers who wanted to combine a lavish life-style with strict self-discipline.

Then Schama began to make trouble. In a minor book called *Dead Certainties (Unwarranted Speculations)* he committed a major act of transgression, trying to blur the borders between history and fiction, scholarship and imagination. He succeeded in tweaking the sensitive noses of any number of the guardians of orthodox historical professionalism. Loud did they wail and gnash their teeth at this talented young historian's refusal to equip his work with footnotes that would enable readers to distinguish between his inferences from the sources and his own inventions. *Citizens*, his most recent large-scale effort, a narrative history of the French Revolution that became a best-seller, made its author a celebrity, but it inflamed tempers among historians still sympathetic to the Revolution as effectively as *Dead Certainties* had among scholars to whom all revolutions are anathema.

All this work reached print before its author reached his fiftieth year. All of it reveals qualities of mind and craft that reappear in *Landscape and Memory*: immense learning, an apparently infinite store of anecdotes that point to larger historical morals, and a phosphorescent prose style, marked by the continual turning of unforgettable phrases. On almost every page the reader comes across a trademark oxymoron. "Pissing putti," "delicious horror" and "a vast, baroque tower of coiled, curled fry, an entire corps de ballet of fish suspended in batter; agonized in oil": these and dozens of other phrases still bright from their first coining will stick fast in readers' memories (and may well annoy the invincibly decorous).

For all Schama's delight in making the sober-minded squirm, however, the style of this consummately stylish book matters less in the end than its substance. Schama weaves together with Ovidian artfulness a complex set of stories, epic and even mythic in character. He varies social analysis with historical narrative, and intersperses both with personal reminiscence of travel. Readers will find themselves forced to leap from past to present, Europe to Asia, elegant galleries to wild mountaintops—and forced also to see the connections among these apparently disparate places and subjects, which Schama establishes with the speed and the stamina of a telephone operator running an old-fashioned switchboard in a '40s movie.

This book is, among other things,

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cultural history on the bravura scale of the creators of the discipline—scholars such as Jacob Burckhardt who moved with ease from antiquity to modernity and considered it their duty to read buildings and gardens as meticulously as poems and treatises. The only way to evaluate such historical tapestries is to unpick them, to roll the diverse threads back onto their original spools. Doing so will set Schama's scholarly achievement into its own larger context, the several radically diverse ways of studying human interaction with nature that he brings together.

We may begin, as the title invites us to, with landscape, for Schama's work amounts, in large part, to a synthetic cultural history of the land, a history that weaves a series of stories, some newer than others, into a compelling new whole. One theme that Schama traces across many centuries and countries has fascinated intellectual historians and literary scholars for some generations: the creation of a visual and verbal language that seemed to evoke the pleasures and the terrors of the natural world. As late as the seventeenth century, even the most daring and iconoclastic intellectuals lacked a vocabulary with which they could evoke the charms of mountains. When Thomas Hobbes, one of the most original and resourceful writers of English prose, tries to describe mountains in verse, he sounds like the legendary Scottish poet William MacGonagall praising the Bridge over the River Tay:

> Behind a ruin'd mountain does appear
> Swelling into two parts, which turgent are
> As when we bend our bodies to the ground,
> The buttocks amply sticking out are found.

Mountains usually inspired fear and disgust. They were "Nature's Pudents," "Like Warts and Wens," blisters and pustules which appeared (according to one influential seventeenth-century theory) when the Flood gouged and tore the originally perfect sphere of the world. Like sin itself, they attested the loss of innocence in history. As early as the sixteenth century, however, some painters and clerics began to domesticate the high places of the world. Brueghel and de Momper showed how to represent on canvas the wild, avian points of view and multiple, minutely varied micro-ecologies that mountains offered those brave enough to scale them. Catholic orders turned mountains into places of pilgrimage, uniquely vivid stages on which to reenact the life of St. Francis or the Stations of the Cross. Schama devotes a memorable vignette to what may be the very last of these, a place called Holy Land, constructed in the aggressive days of 1950s Catholicism on a hill in Waterbury, Connecticut, but now crumbling and bisected by route I-84:

> This was, both of necessity and choice, a lowtech sacred mountain. Unlike the corporately funded, industrially constructed, electronically switched on theme parks of the 1980s, Holy Land USA, was actually built by Greco and his friends, from the primitive carpentry to the concrete scalehouses, to the repainting of discarded church sculptures and architectural details, rescued from the ecclesiastical junkyard. It was chicken-wire evangelism in earnest.

In the Enlightenment and after, mountains came into their literary and artistic own. Philosophers, painters and poets discovered that mountain terrors were attended by delight; and climbers brought the summits of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn within reach, for women as well as men. Mountain poetry and mountain painting became the object of subtle and serious debates. But even as climbers' journals reached print, climbers' clubs spread enlightenment and empirical data proliferated, the assumptions that artists brought up the slopes continued to determine what they made of what they saw. Viollet-le-Duc knew that all mountains fell into rhomboid or trapezoidal forms, the geometric shapes from which one could read the history of glacial action that had made them. Ruskin insisted just as forcefully that mountains are really delicate and graceful in form, not jaggedly polyhedral but gently curved: "all touched and troubled like waves by a summer breeze; rippled far more delicately than seas or lakes are rippled." Each vision found expression in memorable prose and images, and each helped to shape a vision of the wild landscape as a place of special purity and peace.

The brothers and male cousins of an English friend of mine, rock-climbers and proconsuls all, saw mountains as the realm of Nature and tried to keep them pure of the corruptions of civilization. Though all of them had read classics at public school and university, they politely murmured, "No Greek above the snow line," when friends offensively insisted on quoting Pindar as they hung from ropes and inched their way up chimneys. As Schama shows, however, their purism rested on a misunderstanding. Greek comes to the mountaintop whether one wants it to or not: culture precedes and shapes the nature that we delude ourselves into thinking we can experience directly. No wonder, then, that at the end of his book Schama directly confronts Thoreau at Walden—and shows that he, too, shaped the New England forest, in his imagination, into the ancient bridges and noble halls of medieval Europe. Thus Schama neatly completes a circuit begun at the start of his book, where he analyzes, in detail, the rhetoric with which John Muir framed American nature as "a democratic terrestrial paradise."

The details of Schama's investigation of these texts and images—such as his meticulous analysis of American painters' efforts to represent the New World forest in forms that continually dissolve into Old World castles, crucifixes and cathedrals—are often sharply original. So is his insistence that visual artists often precede verbal ones in constructing the tools for describing wood and hills and water. But his general argument that cultural traditions inevitably shape human engagement with nature is not new. Pioneering intellectual historians such as A.O. Lovejoy and Marjorie Nicholson argued two generations ago and more that human representations of the natural world emerged from existing intellectual traditions and forms of sensibility, not simply from the experience of sea and mountain. More recently, the geographer Clarence Glacken devoted a large and occasionally profound book to the history of theories of natural order from antiquity to recent times. Schama enriches his story with a new range of visual and historical data; but it makes the most conventional thread in his tapestry.

More innovative, especially in the details of its telling, is Schama's second story line: how architects and planners have brought Nature and Culture together. He musters a host of examples to prove that city and country, human settlement and natural order, always penetrate one another. No scene seems more characteristically urban than the Piazza Navona in Rome, that elliptical symphony of orange, yellow and gray façades which since the seventeenth century has formed the stage for a continuing urban drama, its cast made up of peddlers and gypsies, tourists and pickpockets, cardinals and women of fashion. At its center stands a monumental work of sculpture and engineering: Bernini's fountain. A great rock, seemingly torn by an Egyptian obelisk that rises above it, is surrounded by four statues representing the great rivers of the world. Schama carefully re-creates the local debates between artists and patrons that led to the construction of the fountain; he vividly evokes the practical results, the sheer relief afforded by the Piazza's running water and summer flooding for a city that sweltered

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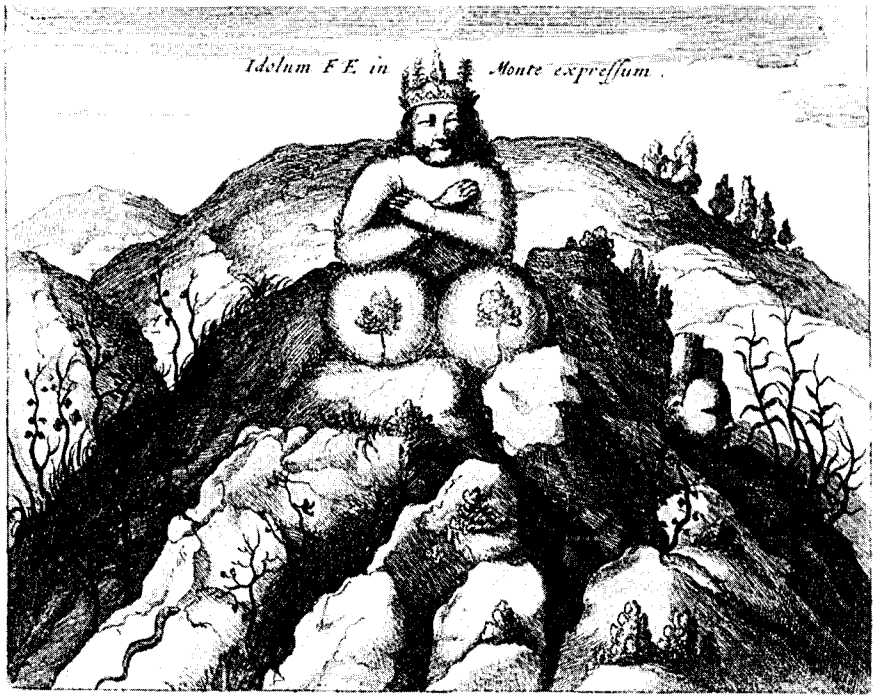
unbearably, as it still does, in summer heat and dust; and he interprets the fountain's evolution and explicates its final form with clarity and grace.

At the same time he ranges across the millennia to trace the ancient connections between rivers and fertility, water and culture, established in Egyptian religion and appropriated by Roman priests and artists, that inspired both Bernini and his learned adviser Kirchner. A whole series of connections, subtly elicited, resolve an apparent paradox: why the pagan hieroglyph on an Egyptian obelisk seemed the most suitable way to celebrate papal munificence in monumental form. Ancient myth and modern hydraulic science, mystery and practice, interact harmoniously here and in many other schemes. Schama goes on to reveal any number of the ways in which architects have succeeded, over the centuries, in weaving streams and waterfalls, fountains and reflecting pools, into the most elaborate schemes of building. Like John Ackerman, David Coffin and many other scholars who, in the last two generations, have called dramatic attention to the central role of suburban villas and urban gardens in forming European city life, Schama makes clear that urban experience can never be reduced to the rushing impressions of tall façades and busy streets that urban theorists such as Georg Simmel have seen as its essence. One of the central distinctions of modern social science, the distinction between the kaleidoscopic whirl of the modern city and the quiet calm of the country outside, is powerfully challenged by Schama's account.

A third fundamental thread that reappears throughout the fabric of the book, and often serves to hold it together, is the tale of human interaction with culture. Among the clichés for which Schama has little patience is the notion that landscapes are natural. Over and over again he shows how human actions, from setting fires to carving mountains to establishing detailed codes of forestry regulation, have shaped apparently untouched environments in culturally determined ways. In emphasizing this point, as Schama himself makes clear, this quintessentially European historian reveals the enlargement of interests that he owes to his new American home.

Environmental history has fascinated American intellectuals for a long time. Early scholars, such as Francis Parkman, the dramatist of American expansion, about whom Schama wrote in *Dead Certainties*, and Robert Albion, the crusty Princeton historian of navies who showed how demand for timber changed English and continental forests, knew what ancient trees looked and smelled like and how merchants and loggers shaped the woods to their practical ends. Historical geographers such as Carl Ortwin Sauer rebelled against environmentally determinist theories of European origin, insisting that prehistoric humans had already possessed technologies that could reshape forests and landscapes. More recent historians of the American West have dramatized the impact of human action on river and wilderness, the creation of new arable land and the relentless mushrooming of tract houses and condos in what had been desert—as well as the reduction of clean, fish-bearing streams into still, polluted lakes.

Schama insists that environmental historians fall prey, as a group, to the trendy temptations of political correctness. By his account, they treat every human incursion in the wilderness as the rape of an unwilling, virgin beauty and implausibly insist that Native Americans always treated their habitat with awed respect, unlike the exploitative whites who drove them from their homes. Schama, too, exults in the richness of American nature. He lovingly evokes "the urgent life of the forest floor, primordially squishy-soft, packed with fungus and seething with the vast traffic of countless beetles, earwigs and ants commuting this way and that" that fascinated his children, who were too small to take in the "fragrant, feathery and massive" sequoias of Montgomery Woods as anything but threatening monsters. But he also insists on the man-made character and context of the natural shrine, the disturbing presence of plastic vegetarian nudists, their bodies "gallantly scarred and bruised in the service of a thousand good causes," and the even more disturbing presence of the ancient and modern loggers who had changed the area so radically.



Courtesy The Houghton Library, Harvard University

ATHANASIUS KIRCHER, "*THE MOUNTAIN GOD OF TUENCHUEN*," FROM *SINA ILLUSTRATA*

Characteristically, Schama is being a little wicked here. In this case, though, he does an injustice to a rich body of inventive scholarship. The older environmental historians celebrated the transforming power of human effort. The best of the newer ones remain perfectly aware that all human populations change their environments, and they attend to the details of this process instead of denouncing one moment in it. Richard White's *The Organic Machine*, a new history of the Columbia River, shows great sensitivity to the way each group of human users in turn has drawn on its stocks of solar and hydraulic energy.

Schama certainly doesn't rival White as an analyst of the actual point at which humans and nature intersect. The skilled application of muscle, the contact of skin with rock and wood, the smell of sweat and burning and the noise of work are dimensions of the human experience of nature which are not evoked here in as much living detail as the play of paint on canvas or of words on paper. True, Schama's synthesis of environmental history with cultural history has a

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range and richness that his predecessors have not attained. Geographers such as Glacken and Sauer and even a brilliant historian such as White don't read texts and images with his sensitivity and depth. But the variety of ingredients, rather than their individual novelty, gives Schama's cuisine its individual flavor. His book imposes respect for its breadth, for the density and the complexity of its readings of episodes and works of art, for its subversion of some common and insufficiently examined beliefs about nature and humanity, for its critical scrutiny of images and countryside but not always for the originality of its account of how humanity has created the nature that suits it.

In its other aspect, however, *Landscape and Memory* offers not only a fine work of historical craft, but also something more like an ambitious work of literary art: a highly original study of the ways in which history not only shapes, but becomes inextricably embedded in, land and trees and water, and they in it. Finally the book's most memorable subject is memory, collective and individual.

Schama begins his second inquiry, not accidentally, in Eastern Europe, in a world of Polish, Lithuanian and German forests hedged about at every point by myth. These forests have been seen, for centuries, as central to the identity of nations. At the nineteenth-century nadir of Poland's fortunes, intellectuals such as Adam Mickiewicz described the rich bogs and bison-haunted forests around Wilno and Kovno as the rustic crucible of Polish identity, the groves where the ancient kings of Lithuania had worn the great ancestral fur hat and hunted freely. In the twentieth century zenith of Nazi Germany's success, Himmler and others treated the same forests as an extension of East Prussia—and as an integral part of the dark, eerie woods in which the first Germans, two millennia before, had slaughtered the Roman army of Varus. The fantastic hunting lodges of Nazi bosses staked a claim to historical and cultural continuity, to a German tradition in which hard country stood against soft city, iron against gold, wild German courage against sophisticated, urban discipline.

Schama shows, with quiet clarity, that these powerful visions of central Europe's woods were hardly rooted in historical scholarship, even if the SS made an unsuccessful attempt to kidnap something Italian that was more valuable than Mussolini, a precious manuscript of Tacitus's ancient book on Germany, in order to give them some scholarly foundation. In fact, the wild pure woods of German and Lithuanian tradition fed and protected inhabitants for whom the legends of Poles and Germans had no place. For centuries, the trees of Lithuania were felled, floated downs streams and rivers to railheads, and sold by Jewish lumber merchants—the Soltans and the Kalezkis—to the British navy, which turned them into the masts and decks of ships of the line. Not only the merchants who brought the wood to market at Danzig and Riga, Schama shows, but the workmen who first cut the trees down with long two-handled saws and rolled them into the rivers for transport were Jews. These "lumberjacks mit tzitzis" (that is, lumberjacks wearing on their garments the fringes required by Scripture of Jewish men) who guzzled vodka and played harsh practical jokes on greenhorns, wore the dark trousers, white shirts, beards and hats of practicing Jews in the depths of the wolf-infested woods.

Merely by reestablishing the presence in deep woodland clearings of these figures from a fading postcard of the Lower East Side, Schama dismantles a vast hateful structure of interlocking cultural legends. In the mental world of Central Europe, Jews stood as firmly for culture as Lithuanian bison and German foresters did for nature. Jews were urban, sophisticated, corrupt; but nature was wild, primitive, pure. So argued a thousand pamphlets and dozens of anti-Semitic agitators, and so, on his bad days, argued Mickiewicz, too. In fact, though, in the brutal, muscular fact of trees felled, work done, sweat lost and wolves chased away, the forests belonged as firmly to Jews as the shtetl. When Jewish partisans found a last refuge there in the darkest of all times, making the Lithuanian woods the stage for a bitter final battle against Christian guerrillas and Nazi persecutors alike, they were not entering a new world. They were reclaiming what had once been Jewish territory.

The forest primeval, seen for centuries as the pure germ plasm in which the Volk took shape, emerges from Schama's analysis as a cauldron, if not a melting pot. The primal woods of the Polish nation were contested ground, on which many races fought for space, resources, life. The physical signs of these struggles, the traces of whole peoples, have been expunged from the physical as well as the mythical landscape. The traveler, Schama finds, can hardly identify even the graves of Poles slaughtered by Stalin, much less the burnt bodies of the Jews slaughtered by Hitler, in the green, rolling riverine land where the Vistula flows and Treblinka stood. Only the historian's tireless work of memory can restore them, can repopulate the lonely forests, fertile fields and fairytale cottages, with their dead.

It is a powerful new aim of Schama's book, then, to dispel myths: to insist on our propensity to mistake traditions and images for the true story of human interaction with forest and mountain. But a second, paradoxically related one, is to insist that humans always do engage in such interactions—and that myths inevitably shape the land: that illusions and fantasies inevitably drive the explorers and exploiters who create what later visitors see as nature. Thus the same visions of the Lithuanian and German forest which misrepresented them as Aryan paradises also defined the development of the techniques for timber and animal management that their foresters applied.

And Schama reveals himself as implicated in myths and struggles closely similar to those that engaged the protagonists of his stories: indeed, it seems that a particularly rich set of myths and images of landscape, racial and national, familial and personal, powered his journey into forests and along rivers. Among the ironically narrated episodes and meticulously annotated texts and artifacts appear, again and again, moments of a very different kind, in which Schama himself appears, driving with an informant through the Polish countryside, taking his children to see the redwoods in California, or nostalgically recalling the disused bomb shelters that he explored as a child and the Hampstead heath that he wandered as a young man. The style of these passages differs from the style of the rest. Exploratory in tone, personal in content, rich in the local textures of condom-strewn English commons and luxurious meals in London hotels, they provide the pivots on which the main episodes of the text turn. They make clear that Schama's work emerges more from personal experience and compulsion than from the "literature" of the various disciplines he draws on.

Schama himself identifies, in some of the most moving passages of the book, two earlier inquirers whom he treats as exemplary: Aby Warburg and Anselm Kiefer, both of them, like him, personally involved in emotionally searing ways with the objects of their enquiries. Warburg, the brilliant, tortured eldest son of the Hamburg banking family, dedicated himself with obsessive energy to collecting and interpreting the complex, twisted afterlives of classical myths and forms in the post-classical world. Like other young intellectuals in the wake of

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Nietzsche, Warburg knew that the classical heritage included dark threatening caverns as well as bright colonnaded temples. Ancient forms, as he showed in his great study of Botticelli, could express wild movement as well as noble stillness, erotic complexity as well as anerotic simplicity. The ancients were responsible not only for philosophy, the brave human effort to master the world by reason, but also for astrology, the resigned, all-too-human acknowledgement that natural forces, cast in mythic form, control human destinies.

Human creativity—so Warburg insisted in his early work—amounted to a struggle, a continual, often doomed effort to define a free space for rationality. Warburg not only devised this theory, he also exemplified it: he followed the fighting in World War I with passionate, uncomfortably patriotic attention, desperately clipping newspapers in what now seems an almost pitiable effort to gain intellectual control over the flood of news and propaganda. At the same time, he was traveling Germany's cities, reading the unpublished letters in which the astrologers of the sixteenth century had offered their advice to other intellectuals and to rulers—and celebrating the earthy wit with which Martin Luther had rejected their counsels of existential despair.

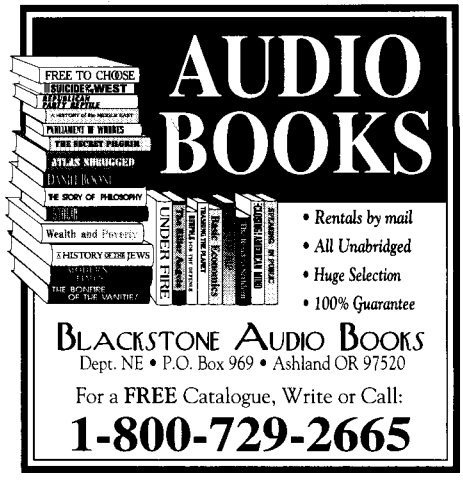
Confined for five years to a Swiss clinic after the war, Warburg gradually collected himself. He won his release with a magnificent lecture on New Mexico Indian serpent rituals, which he had witnessed as a young man. Here he showed, with a sympathy for the devil that his earlier work sometimes lacked, how myth itself created the space in which reason could develop. The "archive of memory," which consisted of images and metaphors of immemorial use of forgotten origin, preserved the primitive within the modern, the mythical within the rational: "[i]nstead of stressing the separation between primitivism and the modern condition, he implied its connection." Unlike J.G. Frazer, the vastly erudite analyst of ancient myth who analyzed every ancient myth of grove and stream at length in *The Golden Bough* and collected the sources in a still more enormous library, "densely inscribed and reinscribed in Frazer's controlled little Scottish hand," Warburg came to see that myths represented something more than "'mistakes' that primitives make about their world": they permeated modern as well as traditional culture.

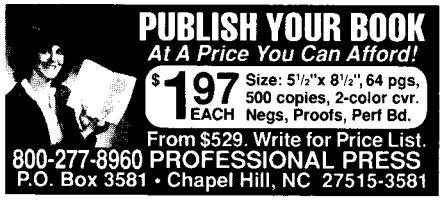
For Warburg, the photograph of a woman golfer, following through with her nine iron on a barbered modern golf course, echoed the ancient image of an orgiastic nymph, a forest maenad. The Bacchae live, even at the country club. Warburg's search for the mythical in the modern consistently underpins Schama's effort to argue "that Western culture, even while it has been busy destroying forests, has been full, not drained, of ... myths," that the bright modern, urban Europe of clean subways, nice cafés and liberal opinions known to tourists and politicans is a thin crust that barely conceals a darker, older, legend-haunted landscape. This Warburg is Schama's model: not only the tireless explorer of the classical tradition, but the clear-eyed student of the eternal vitality, the unavoidable creative and destructive power, of myth.

Schama celebrates Warburg's final, magnificent effort to embody his theories. This took the form not of expository prose but of an atlas of images, which he called *Mnemosyne*. It was "in effect a gigantic vertical stamp album: screens of photographs, organized by motif, and assembling (along with reproductions of paintings, prints and drawings) travel posters, advertisements, and news photographs that struck him as bearing, wittingly or not, the memory of ancient lore." *Landscape and Memory* also has something of the character of a vast, idiosyncratic album or atlas. In one respect, however, Schama departs radically from Warburg. He suggests that artists not only transmit the life and the power of symbols, but also investigate them. For Schama, a visual analysis of symbolic forms may be not only more compelling to viewers, but more intellectually profound, more provocative and subtle, than a verbal one.

The contemporary German artist Anselm Kiefer ranks, in Schama's view, with the older German scholar Warburg as a profound student of how myths are enacted in the lived space of action and reflection. And unlike Warburg, Kiefer makes the memories of the land the central topic of his brushed inquiries into the German psyche and its woodland origins. No pages of Schama's book are more memorable than those in which he follows Kiefer into the Odenwald, a remaining fragment of Germany's ancient Hercynian wood, now much damaged by pollution, where the artist settled in 1971.

Schama argues, sharply, that Kiefer's early career, with its provocative re-enactments of fascist gestures and images, marked a consistent effort at protest. Kiefer rejected both West German efforts to treat 1945 as a Zero Hour, a complete break with the past, and the narcissism of the post-war avant-garde which insisted "that the only interesting subject left for art was art." His profound efforts to explore the German past gave rise to works as diverse as photographs of himself in Nazi regalia, large-scale paintings and the haunting ink drawings of his Hermanns-Schlacht book in Boston—a coherent series of images, dark and mysterious, in which Kiefer explored the meanings of the defeat of the Roman Varus, "the Custer of Teutoburger Wald," by the Cheruscan Arminius in AD 9. One ambitious work, the *Varus* of 1976, explores both the German forest and the German tradition. Close, bare trees, ranked with almost comic neatness by the parade-ground traditions of German forestry, join upper branches in what resembles a military arch of swords. They clearly refer to the deep, peaceful forests of earlier artists such as Albrecht Altdorfer and Caspar David Friedrich, who devised scenes in which minutely detailed trees played all the principal

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parts, dwarfing human inhabitants and pushing them to the margins.

But Kiefer's forest is permeated by the ghosts of human inhabitants, resounds with the noises of ancient slaughter. The gouts of blood on the snow, the wounds of the battered trees, and the names of the Roman Varus and his enemy Hermann, scrawled in the snow, all show that this is a place of execution, not of contemplation. Above, in smaller script, appear the names of German poets and thinkers, Hölderlin and Rilke, Schleiermacher and Fichte—and von Schlieffen. A nation of *Dichter und Denker*? Or *Richter und Henker*? Is the course of German history a constricted path from a bloody forest birth to a tangled end? Or does the haunting light that penetrated between close-set trees at the path's end suggest the possibility of hope?

The painter's juxtaposition of these names and symbols, his vivid, visual exploration of the ancient connection between the German forest and the national destiny, seems to Schama hauntingly profound: not a wallowing in myths that require exorcism, but a surgical exposure of them. These myths will need to be laid bare as long as the land itself endures. And Schama himself clearly has more than a touch of Kiefer in him, in his desire to shock, his willfully provocative gestures, his firm belief that color and light may provide deeper analysis and richer information than all the statistical tables that one could assemble.

Finally, Schama seems to stand somewhere between his two protagonists, between the historian and the artist. His work falls between the distanced analysis of the scholar and the passionate juxtapositions of the painter. His erudition, his insistence on getting right the tiny detail of argument or shading that reveals a myth taking concrete and influential form, his insistence on cold clarity: all this links him to Warburg, the fanatically precise explorer and maker of archives. But his wit, his passion and his compulsive desire to shock, his will to re-enact as well as to reconstruct, put him on the side of Kiefer, the erudite artist and maker of terrifying images.

Landscape and Memory has not only the range of a great nineteenth-century work of history, but also the disorienting power of a major work of art from our own disoriented fin de siècle. And, as a form of art, this combination of visual and verbal images, narrative and criticism, as hard to describe as it is easy to appreciate, seems a far more successful experiment than the labored, supposedly novelistic segments of *Dead Certainties*. Schama's ability to combine the personal with the philological, the scholarly with the artistic, makes his book fall outside normal categories and transcend the necessary limitations and occasional weaknesses of its parts. Unclassifiable, inimitable, sometimes irritating and often fascinating, *Landscape and Memory* will inform and haunt, chasten and enrage, its readers. It is that rarest of commodities in our cultural marketplace, a work of genuine originality.

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The Nothing That Is

BY HELEN VENDLER

Chickamauga by Charles Wright

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 96 pp., $19)

The title poem of Charles Wright's new book doesn't mention the Civil War battle of Chickamauga or the soldiers who died in it, and in this it is typical of Wright's practice. The poem climbs to a vantage point where the anonymity of history has blanked out the details. What is left is the distillate: that something happened at this place, that its legacy of uneasiness inhabits the collective psyche (Wright was born in Tennessee), that it will not let us go and demands a response. A confessional poet might write about his own family's legacy from the war. A socially minded poet might recount the havoc of battle. A moral poet might debate what Melville called "the conflict of convictions." A landscape poet might describe the vacant battlefield as it is now. Wright is none of these, does none of these things.

What can a lyric poetry be that sidelines the confessional, the social, the moral, the panoramic? It can be—and in Wright's case, it is—eschatological. Eschatology sees the world under the sign of the last things: Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Wright redefines these in his own way: Annihilation, History, Light, Disappearance. If we face annihilation as persons, and we do; if history judges us and disposes of us, and it does; if mass is clarified into energy, and it is; if every object vanishes, and it will—then what kind of language can we use of life that will be true of these processes and true of us?

Wright's earliest manifesto of the lyric that he wanted to write was phrased in negation, in 1971:

The New Poem

It will not resemble the sea.
It will not have dirt on its thick hands.
It will not be part of the weather.

It will not reveal its name.
It will not have dreams you can count on.
It will not be photogenic.

It will not attend our sorrow.
It will not console our children.
It will not be able to help us.

How was Wright to find a set of positives to accompany these negatives? The three stanzas of "The New Poem" refuse mimesis of the external world (sea, dirt, weather); mimesis of the psychological world (name, dreams, face); and mimesis of the religious world (attendance, consolation, help). No objects, then; and no self; and no God. Has there ever been a more stringent set of requirements for poetry?

If the object of art is not mimesis and not self-identification and not consolation, many of the tones that we associate with poetry must also be forgone. The strict discipline that Wright imposes on himself is visible in all he writes. If an item from the world is mentioned, it must always be remembered that it has been selected and is not simply "there." The word used to mention it, once it has been settled on, has its own history, its own weight and color. If the self is mentioned, it must always be remembered that what has been invoked is merely one aspect of the self, one that fits the purposes of this particular poem and is constructed by the instruments available to this poem—its images, its location, its syntax. If sorrows or needs or desires appear, nobody grander than ourselves can be there to attend to them, help us with them or console our afflictions.

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Thus, when we come to the poem "Chickamauga," none of the "warmer" tones of lyric are permitted to attend on the scene. No Civil War color and drama, no embattled Southern polemics, no grief even. There are five stanzas, arranged in Chinese-box fashion. In the middle is the peregrine face of the poet, to whom Chickamauga is a place of haunting significance. Readers cannot know the poet's human face; it lies under the mask of the poem. The masked face is bracketed, fore and aft, by history—first, by history in its cold indifference (discarding all of us "like spoiled fruit"); and second, by history as the trawling force that will haul us up, like fish, into its clarifying light and air where we cannot but suffocate. But this apparently omnipotent history, too, is bracketed fore and aft: by landscape, which banally outlives the history of the battle, and by language, the other enduring, transhistorical force.

Wright's structure—face enclosed by poem, face and poem enclosed by history, history enclosed by landscape and language—is in itself a powerful truth-telling geometry of destiny:

Chickamauga

Dove-twirl in the tall grass.
End-of-summer glaze next door
On the gloves and split ends of the conked magnolia tree.
Work sounds: truck back-up-beep, wood tin-hammer, cicada, fire horn.

History handles our past like spoiled fruit.
Mid-morning, late-century light
calicoed under the peach trees.
Fingers us here. Fingers us here and here.

The poem is a code with no message:
The point of the mask is not the mask but the face underneath,
Absolute, incommunicado,
unhoused and peregrine.

The gill net of history will pluck us soon enough
From the cold waters of self-contentment we drift in
One by one
into its suffocating light and air.

Structure becomes an element of belief, syntax
And grammar a catechist,
Their words what the beads say,
words thumbed to our discontent.

Such a poem will not be your choice if you are set on lyric that maintains the illusion of a direct mimetic personal speech by "suppressing" its status as composed and measured language. It will also not be your choice if you prefer "language poetry," which dispenses with structure, syntax and grammar as authoritarian hegemonic structures that limit what can be said within them.

Wright offers the interesting example of a poet who wants to acknowledge in each of his poems that a poem is a coded piece of language and yet wants also to express, by that very code, the certainty that a piece of language exhibiting structure, grammar and syntax is not "found art," but has been arranged by a questing human consciousness forever incommunicado beneath its achieved mask. He is not alone in his double desire. The foregrounding of the artifactual status of the lyric is common coin these days. What makes Wright unusual is his ascetic practice, his insistence on holding the rest of the poem to account under this double truth of incommunicado humanity and admitted inhumanness: nothing in the poem is allowed to ignore the strict metaphysics of its conception.

The "warm" tones of polemic, confession, startle and fear—all those "immediacies" of direct expression—are forbidden him by his distanced and meditated stance. His poems, looked at from one perspective, lie about us like the life-masks they are: immobile, "placed," shaped, blanched. And yet, from another perspective, his poems are alive, as they struggle toward the transfiguration of still-life that they will, at their end, achieve. There are two signs of livingness in Wright, one proper to individual poems, the other proper to his total oeuvre: there is temporality, as the present-tense of any given poem slowly modulates into its dead future, and there is the change that takes place in the "objective" world, as different poems call into being varying perceptions, often stimulated by seasonal change.

After writing for a long time about the landscape of California, Wright moved several years ago to Virginia, and Charlottesville replaced Laguna Beach as the source of his images. Wright's usual "rule" of composition is that one or more images drawn from the landscape must set the musical tone of the poem. In "Lines After Rereading T. S. Eliot," the tone is set by Wright's own "wasteland between the brown / Apricot leaf and the hedge":

The orchard is fading out.
All nine of the fruit trees
Diminish and dull back in the late Sunday sunlight.
The dead script of vines
scrawls unintelligibly
Over the arbor vitae.

As the season changes, we see the same orchard transformed, no longer a "wasteland," in "Still Life with Spring and Time to Burn," which begins:

Warm day, early March. The buds preen, busting their shirtwaists
All over the plum trees. Blue moan of the mourning dove.
It's that time again,
time of relief, time of sorrow
The earth is afflicted by.
We feel it ourselves, a bright uncertainty of what's to come
Swelling our own skins with sweet renewal, a kind of disease
That holds our affections dear
and asks us to love it.
And so we do, supposing
That time and affection is all we need answer to.

For some, Wright says, time and affection may be the sole standards. But like Hopkins, who, after crying out "Nothing is so beautiful as Spring," had to answer to his own awareness of the eschatological ("Have, get, before it cloy, / Before it cloud, Christ, Lord, and sour with sinning"), Wright cannot rest in the sensuous moment. He "spoils" every such moment with his Eliot-like vision of "the skull beneath the skin." I pick up the spring poem where I cut it off:

And so we do, supposing
That time and affection is all we need answer to.
But we guess wrong:

Time will append us like suit coats left out overnight
On a deck chair, loose change dead weight in the right pocket,
Silk handkerchief limp with dew,
sleeves in a slow dance with the wind.
And love will kill us—
Love, and the winds from under the earth
that grind us to grain-out.

"But we guess wrong." The guess that hazards everything on time and affection omits too much for Wright, whose mind is saturated with death and the chilling Midas-petrifaction of words. His "But we guess wrong" is a close cousin of Milton's remark on pagan mythographers: "So they relate, erring." Milton could not lightly employ Greek mythology, because he considered it an imaginative fiction that belied the Christian truth to which he was obliged to adhere. Wright, bound no less straitly by the truths of death and arranged language, sees the immediate sensuous life (when offered in language) as no less a mythological fiction than the gods on Parnassus.

During his thirty-year span of writing, Wright has investigated many ways of folding death into life, absence into presence, deconstruction into construction. He has tried abstract titles; poems with notes attached so that details could

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be left out; titles specifying the occasion so that the following poem could be general; white space; desiccation of means; remoteness of stance; atemporality of narration. He has invoked a cluster of authenticating poets, artists and musicians for his aesthetic practice: Dante, Hopkins, Dickinson, Hart Crane, Pound, Eliot, Tu Fu, Trakl, Montale; Piero della Francesca, Cézanne, Morandi; and here in *Chickamauga* there appear, among others, Elizabeth Bishop, Lao Tzu, Wang Wei, Paul Celan, Miles Davis and Mondrian. More than most poets, Wright has owned up to being a site traversed by the languages, images and tones of others, from Christian mystics to composers of country music. The religious yearning that used to find a home in doctrine is now, in that sense, homeless; but in Wright it persists in an urgent form, demanding to be housed somewhere, anywhere—in image, in landscape, in allusion, in geometry, in structure.

Beijing Rids Itself of Sparrows

An entire city on its rooftops, clanging pans.
The local air has rarely known such clattering:
Pot lids, kettles, cauldrons, metal spoons.
It is 1958. Evening. Beijing.

Some can see a bend of river, some a palace;
Some don't look beyond their roofs' red tile;
Some just see a dingy courtyard outhouse;
Others see a rising curve of Wall

As they try to overwhelm the city's sparrows
Who, apparently, won't land where metal clangs,
But fly out frantically from noise to noise
Then hover in the air and beat their wings.

Soon they will expire from exhaustion
Except for those who'll die of broken hearts.
They'll go first; they'll flutter down in unison;
The thick-skinned ones will follow in fits and starts

And Beijing's cats will not believe their eyes,
Their feasts of tiny wings, their one good year.
But the men and women are beyond surprise;
They'll calm their pots and pans and disappear.

Later, of course, they'll mourn in clouds of insects,
Their clanging pots still ringing in their ears
Though there are those—even now, no one suspects—
Who'll long for what they heard as clanging stars

From their vantage on a crashing red-roof ocean,
Themselves a piece of clanging, hooting throng,
A clash of iron for one loved, missing cousin,
A crash, for an old nurse's banished song,

A crash for each felled orchard's choicest tree
A crash for what the coming hour will bring,
Above their heads an undulating, closing sky,
Every inch of it consumed in wing.

JACQUELINE OSHEROW

Piero's monumental figures with their glance fixed on something beyond the canvas; Cézanne's patches of color on white canvas; Morandi's ghostly bottles; Mondrian's repetitive figuration: all are symbols, to Wright, of the austerity of construction that satisfies his sense of rightness. These painters reprove the voluptuousness of the flesh, the heedlessness of the passing moment, the domesticities of contentment. The Chinese poets stand, in Wright, for the observer lost in the observation, for Buddhist emptiness, and for the stringencies of classic form. And the religious poets authenticate, for Wright, what used to be called the analogical level of experience—that which is not literal, nor figurative, nor emblematic, but which escapes direct representation by fact, or image, or emblem, and which drives poets to hints, intimations and expressions of the ineffable. Country music and jazz are symbols of indigenous rhythms known to Wright since his youth.

This, more or less, is the map of Wright's poetics. Since his readers do not share all of Wright's talismanic obsessions, it has been his task to take us under the tent of his poems and make us care, not so much for his fetishes as for the harmonies that they create when they are assembled together. "This is a lip of snow and a lip of blood," says a 1981 poem called "Childhood's Body": those who want lips of blood will be put off by the chill of snow, those who want lips of snow will be put off by the stain of blood. Readers of modern poetry are well aware of the voice of the body ("Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth") and the voice of the mind ("Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is"), but it is rarer to find the voice of the soul, especially the soul in its still-embodied state, conscious of its lip of snow meeting the body's lip of blood.

None of these voices is interesting to poetry, of course, unless the heart is present, too. It is in the junction of feeling heart and embodied soul that Wright locates his poetry. "This is too *hard*," protests the unwilling reader: "let me subside into blood or snow, one or the other." The Wright poem creates an anxiety that is very difficult to live within, since its constantly ticking clock adds certain loss to each daily gain:

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The subject of all poems is the clock,
I think, those tiny, untouchable hands that
fold across our chests
Each night and unfold each morning,
finger by finger,
Under the new weight of the sun.
One day more is one day less.

What, then, are the rewards for subjecting oneself to the severity of Wright's pages, for living on his dissolving interface of feeling, between life and death? For a start, the brilliance of his images. His images, changing with the seasons, set the musical tone for each poem, and they are conceived in a manner that never ceases to astonish. One can never guess what word will come next on the page in a poem by Wright. Here is Venice, brilliant at night, dwindled at dawn, from *Chickamauga*'s "Venexia I":

Too much at first, too lavish—full moon
Jackhammering light-splints along the
canal, gondola beaks
Blading the half-dark;
Moon-spar; backwash backlit with moon-
spark ...

Next morning, all's otherwise
With a slow, chill rainfall like ragweed
electric against the launch lights,
Then grim-grained, then grey.
This is the water-watch landscape, the
auto-da-fé.

In this sequence of images, sexual and visual energy shrivels, as a torture of exhausted observation succeeds the Hopkinsian intoxication. That is one reason to live in the poem with Wright: that emotional accuracy and verbal plenitude. Another is the floating tide of his musical line, which lifts the reader along its irregular cadence, as in "Easter 1989":

Instinct will end us.
The force that measles the peach tree
will divest and undo us.

The power that kicks on
the cells in the lilac bush
Will tumble us down and down.
Under the quince tree, purple cross points,
and that's all right

For the time being,
the willow across the back fence
Menacing in its green caul.

Anyone can hear, in this music, the perceptible turn between the first three sentences (variants on a single tune) and the fourth sentence, with its reticent irony at "For the time being." Just when Wright is being most biblical, the colloquial thrusts itself into the lines ("kicks on," "tumble us down," "and that's all right," "for the time being") and then something altogether unforeseeable—the "green caul" of the new—casts a ghastly light on the whole landscape.

If a reader wants more than the emotionally freighted image, more than the lift of a line, more than the heart's predicament between the snowy soul and the blooded body, then the poems by Wright that will linger most may be those that repeat religious promise in undoctrinal form. Here is the conclusion of Wright's Easter poem, at once biological and incandescent, borrowing its language from his earliest vocabulary for marvel, the Gospel resurrection:

Nubbly with enzymes,
The hardwoods gurgle and boil in their
leathery sheaths.
Flame flicks the peony's fuse.
Out of the caves of their locked beings,
fluorescent shapes
Roll the darkness aside as they rise to enter
the real world.

"We get no closer than next-to-it," Wright concedes, but he won't abandon the hope of propinquity to the invisible, the "definer of all things":

Something surrounds us we can't
exemplify, something
Mindless and motherless,
dark as diction and twice told.
We hear it at night.
Flake by flake,
we taste it like tinfoil between our teeth.

Such an intuition is unprovable. Do we really hear it softly burying us, and taste it setting our teeth on edge, that unintelligible and aboriginal darkness? For those who do—who sense an enveloping and ethically burdening perplexity that is quite independent of personal tragedy, political evil or scientific ignorance—Wright's poems will appear as attempts to lift a curtain, to enlighten memory, to name the abandoned, to pierce into "the horned heart of the labyrinth," where "the unsayable has its say." Wright's Minotaur—more sinister than the original, because it is shapeless—awaits the reader.

In his generation, the generation of Ashbery, Rich, Ammons, Ginsberg, Plath and Merrill, Wright is perhaps closest to Plath in his intensity of the image, closest to Ammons in his sense of the sidereal. But he sounds like nobody else, and he has remained faithful to insights and intuitions—of darkness as of light—less than common in contemporary America.

HELEN VENDLER is Porter University Professor at Harvard and the author most recently of *Soul Says* (Harvard University Press). Her new books, *The Given and the Made* and *The Breaking of Style* will be published by Harvard University Press in the fall.

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NEW YORK DIARIST

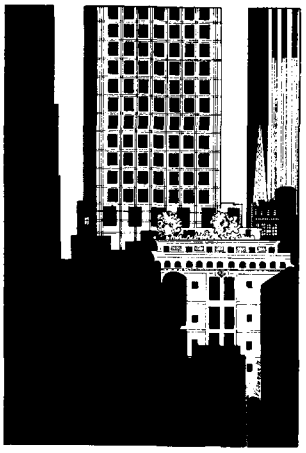
The good funeral

ONE CONSEQUENCE OF LIVING several thousand miles from the place you grew up and shifting residences every few years is that the people you care for tend to die at a distance. Once a year or so I get a phone call to inform me that someone I had assumed alive and well has suffered a stroke, or shot himself, or neglected to wake up. Upon hearing such news I usually feel a brief but genuine desire to drop whatever I am doing and fly to the funeral.

THEN I RECALL THE FUNERALS I have attended. The very word calls to mind dark suits on a hot day and a room full of uneasy people sitting on hard wooden seats pointed in the direction of a spokesman for organized religion, who, in an attempt to make them less uncomfortable, is conjuring up an implausible illusion of an afterlife. The funeral of my imagination, I should say, is a WASP funeral. WASP funerals are governed by two beliefs: that the public display of emotion is embarrassing, and that khakis are inappropriate. When we WASPS meet over a coffin the best that can be hoped for is a stiff exchange and a bit of meaningful eye contact. And so, within a few hours of receiving the news of a friend's death, my urgency subsides and my reasoning commences: It *is* a long way to go.... It's not as if anyone will care ... *he* won't even know. Finally: *he* would have wanted it this way.

THE FIRST HAPPY EXCEPTION IN A lifetime of ducking funerals came last week, after the death of my father-in-law, Charles H. Bohner. He was a professor of English literature at the University of Delaware, the author of literary biographies of Robert Penn Warren and John Pendleton Kennedy and a novel based on the Lewis and Clark expedition, and the editor of McGraw-Hill's fine anthologies of short stories. I had known him for a little more than a year, most of which he had spent in a losing fight with cancer, but evidently I had become thoroughly attached to him. Upon meeting him, it had taken me about ten seconds to realize that I would not have to pretend to like my father-in-law, and his demise left me with the sense that I had been robbed of a winning ticket in the in-law lottery. Which is not to say I would not have skipped his funeral if I could have. After all, he was a WASP.

THE FEW FUNERAL HOMES I HAVE seen all have had a faintly patriotic air, perhaps because love of country is a rare emotion that is both "deep" and generally inoffensive. Ours was no different. Big books celebrating the Birth of America lay open on shiny mahogany reading stands beneath portraits of Colonial dames. The American Colonial motif was punctuated only by tiny tributes to American commerce: window stickers for Mastercard and Visa; a display rack of urns; a case of sales brochures. These last were arranged neatly on a table beside the entrance. Tucked among them was a pamphlet called *Funeral Etiquette*, published by the Ohio Funeral Directors Association. Although it was intended as a primer for funeral-goers of all creeds, its advice pointed unmistakably to a WASP funeral. Here, in fewer than a dozen pages, was the most complete guide ever written to repressing grief, falsifying sentiment and sublimating honest thought. It included, for instance, handy rules for the receiving line. "Simply state something personal about the deceased or how he or she will be remembered from a previous experience," it commanded, "such as 'John enjoyed life'; 'He certainly had a lot of friends'; or 'Ruth always worried about everyone else's problems.'" Alongside this list was another, titled "Inappropriate Remarks": "you can have other children"; "he is better off now"; "only the good die young." ("He still owes me forty bucks" and "Thank God it wasn't me" somehow were omitted.)



THERE MAY BE SOME PEOPLE who are made to feel better by such rules, but I am not one of them. Neither, it emerged, were my in-laws. The minute I saw my brother-in-law, Russell, I sensed that *Funeral Etiquette* was at some risk. He arrived to orchestrate the secular service wearing a blue blazer, khakis and spanking white Keds, and the air of a son celebrating a father's well-lived life rather than a man one needed to feel sorry for. "Did you buy those shoes for the occasion?" one of his friends asked him as he passed through the receiving line, violating the code of conduct and making every one feel a bit better. A woman who had been informed that she might dress as she pleased arrived in a tight shocking orange mini-dress. *Funeral Etiquette* retired to its place in the rack.

"A EULOGY IS UNCOMMON AT today's funeral service," whispered the offensive pamphlet from afar. "It is *not* inappropriate, but the eulogy is not to be lengthy, and should offer praise and commendation to the person who has died." While the rest of us sat on soft comfortable benches a passionate Castilian painter, apparently ignorant of all rules rose and described in sordid and lengthy detail his forty-year friendship with a man he could not bring himself to call simply "Charles" and so instead had dubbed with an endless comical rolling "r", *¡Don Carlos, el más guapo* (the most handsome fearless and courageous). When the applause had died down, Don Carlos' three children took turns telling tales of their father—his failures as well as his triumphs—that raised belly laughs from the audience and made the Colonial dames on the walls quake.

AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE the family drove the mortal remains of the author and professor of English literature to the Chesapeake Bay. Scattering a man's ashes in the sea sounds easier than it is. The wind was blowing in the waves were crashing against the rocks, and everywhere we looked there seemed to be a crowd of middle-aged women in bathing suits. Appropriately there seemed no appropriate place to put him. Finally, it was decided that the best strategy was to climb down a sea wall and discreetly heave the makeshift urn into the Bay. I stood on a slippery rock and pried the lid off the large golden tin while Russell found his footing at the water's edge. I had never before seen human ashes. They aren't at all like what you find at the bottom of the fireplace on a winter morning. They are pulverized gray stones, heavy and flecked with pieces of white. Still they rose in a white puff, as the canister sank and formed man-shaped patterns on the surface of the bay.

MICHAEL LEWIS

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

A Reform That Works

People who are convinced that nothing good is happening in U.S. education should take a look at a little pamphlet that was just issued by the National Center for Education Statistics (NCES). "High School Students Ten Years After 'A Nation At Risk'" presents data about student course taking and achievement that are surprising and encouraging.

One of the important recommendations of "A Nation At Risk" was that students take more demanding coursework, and many states revised their high school graduation requirements accordingly. As a result, the percentages of students taking traditional academic courses in math and science have risen dramatically. The same is true for foreign languages. For example, in 1982, only 48 percent of graduating seniors had taken geometry, but by 1992, the number had risen to 70 percent. The number of students taking calculus more than doubled (from 4 percent to 10 percent), as did the number taking biology, chemistry *and* physics (from 10 percent to 22 percent).

When we expect more of students, they rise to our expectations.

But what does all that mean in terms of student achievement? When states upped their graduation requirements, skeptics—and I was one of them—wondered whether the change would turn out to be a sham. Would students really get more rigorous courses? Or would the courses just turn out to be renamed versions of "General Science" and "Business Math"?

In fact, the skepticism turned out to be unwarranted. The courses *are* more rigorous, and student achievement in math and science has risen during the ten years since "A Nation At Risk." National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) exams show increases in average math and science proficiency at every level tested. For instance, the average math score for 17-year-olds in 1992 was 9 points higher than in 1982—which represents, NCES reckons, a gain of about one year. And there were comparable gains in science. Academic course taking, as we have also seen in other studies, results in higher student achievement.

Other people worried about the effect that stiffer graduation requirements would have on equity. They feared that raising standards would cause students who were already doing poorly in school to drop out in great numbers. This fear had also come up when minimum competency testing for high school graduation was instituted in the 1970s. It turned out to be unfounded then—students wanted their diplomas and did what was needed to get them—and the new graduation requirements seem to have worked in the same way. NAEP math and science scores for the lowest-performing students—those in the 10th percentile—actually increased by 11 points in math and 12 points in science. And dropout rates for students in high school diminished instead of getting larger: "The 10th- to 12th-grade dropout rate declined by 5 percentage points between 1980 and 1990. Eleven percent of 1980 sophomores left school by the spring of 1982 without a high school diploma or its equivalent; the comparable rate for 1990 sophomores was 6 percent."

Of course, no one would contend that these improvements, substantial though they are, have solved all our educational problems. As the NCES pamphlet shows us, the achievement of our top students has remained flat over the ten-year period. Our lowest-achieving students are doing better, but their performance—like that of our top students—is poor in comparison with students in other industrialized nations. And while science and math achievement have improved, reading, which is mediocre at every level, has stayed the same. In other words, we have a long way to go.

Nevertheless, it is also a mistake not to acknowledge the progress we have made. Setting higher standards works. When we expect more of students, they rise to our expectations. Requiring that students take more rigorous courses is not as sexy as some currently popular school reform schemes—like vouchers or putting public schools under private management or letting each school do its own thing. But there is no track record on any of these reforms. Requiring that students take demanding courses is something that works. It works in the successful school systems of other industrialized democracies and it is working here. Let's build on it.

To order "High School Students Ten Years After 'A Nation At Risk,'" send $2.00 to Superintendent of Documents, P.O. 371954, Pittsburgh, PA 15250-7954 and ask for NCES 95-764.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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